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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, OF MICHIGAN.—From a Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.—[See Page 379.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

FOR THE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1888,

From June 9 to November 10 (23 Weeks),

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

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NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB AND THE PRESIDENT.

A REPORT of its Committee on Political Reform has been presented to the Union League Club in New York, reviewing the conduct of President CLEVELAND in regard to reform. The report declares substantially, with the Reform League last summer, that this is not a civil service reform administration. It "submits facts to a candid world" which cannot be reconciled with fidelity to the principles of reform, and while there is much in the report to which we shall take exception as misleading, the report itself, and the resolutions which it recommends, and which were unanimously adopted, are a striking illustration of the vitality of reform and its strong hold upon the public mind. The report is intended, of course, as a party document. Its purpose is to represent the Republican party as the party of reform, and the Democratic party as its enemy. The trouble with this enterprise is its impracticability. The Democratic party is certainly not a reform party. But something more than that fact is necessary to establish the reform character of the Republicans. Let us submit a few more facts to a candid world.

The reform inaugurated by the Republicans consisted in the establishment and enforcement of examinations for 15,000 places, of certain excellent rules, and of laws against political assessments. This was an admirable work. It would not have been wise to try a more general scheme, and it was a notable beginning of reform. But in passing the law and authorizing the rules the Democrats joined. The bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 5, many Democrats voting for it. In the House it was put upon its passage by Mr. S. S. COX, a New York Democrat, and was passed by a vote of 155 to 45, Republicans and Democrats uniting in its passage. Undoubtedly motives on both sides were mixed, and so also the report to the Union League Club is perhaps not the issue of pure zeal for reform. But the conduct of Republican Representatives in the preceding session was significant. The annual address of the President of the National Reform League in 1883 says, "The record of proceedings upon this subject in the House of Representatives last summer is one of the most disgraceful passages in the history of Congress." President ARTHUR, however, was honorably faithful in the execution of the reform law which he had approved on the 7th of January, 1883. But beyond the limits of the law there was no pretence of observing its spirit. The Cabinet insisted on as many exceptions as possible from the examinations, and the range of the law was not extended. The next year, in June, 1884, the Republican Convention, after placing in its platform a declaration upon the subject entirely satisfactory to the friends of reform, nominated Mr. BLAINE. Every reasonable Republican will agree that this nomination was the great and essential act of the Convention. The resolution was introduced precisely as drawn by the friends of reform, but the nomination showed how utterly unmeaning the resolution was. If Republican partisans quote the resolution of the last general council of the party as proof of its reform sentiment and purpose, we quote against it, and as completely disproving the sincerity of the declaration, the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. Even the report of the Union League Club does not dare to represent Mr. BLAINE as in any sense a civil service reformer, nor does it venture to say that the Republican party in nominating him proved itself to be in good faith and of resolute purpose a civil service reform party. Nor in its statement of facts has the report the candor to say that President CLEVELAND has not only done all that President ARTHUR did in enforcing the law and the examinations, but that he has not allowed its limits to be narrowed, has added various places in the departments, has included within it ten more post-offices, and has strengthened and improved the rules.

While the Democratic pressure upon the President has been enormous, what sympathy or support has he received in the contest with his own party from Republican friends of reform? None whatever. Republican Senators have openly said that they did not object to his making spoils of the service, but that they did object to what they called his hypocrisy, while the Republican Senate, with the evidence before it, has confirmed the worst nominations, like that of THOMAS, thus sharing the responsibility of the Executive, and deliberately degrading the public service merely for a party advantage. The report omits also all mention of such facts as that one of the ablest Republican leaders, Mr. SHERMAN, in his speech of a year ago, in which he states the real issues before the country, makes no allusion whatever to civil service reform, and that the Republican Convention of Ohio, the first great State Convention of the Presidential year, does not even mention the question in its platform. Moreover, if the Republican leaders in New York, from Mr. PLATT down, are in any sense whatever civil service reformers, it is a fact which has hitherto been withheld from publicity. The truth is, as we have often said, that while there are unquestionably more Republicans than Democrats who are sincere friends of reform, the sentiment does not dominate the party, and the reform is not regarded by it as an actual issue. The effort, therefore, to represent the Republican as distinctively a reform party, and as such entitled to the votes of the friends of reform for any candidate whom it may nominate, is not, in our judgment, an honest effort. The independent reformers who should vote for the Republican candidate this year would do so for other reasons than that they anticipate from him a distinctively reform administration. They have not seen it in Mr. CLEVELAND'S, but they have seen him hold and extend what had been gained, while if they had voted for Mr. BLAINE on the ground that the party is a reform party, they would have deserved what they would have got.

THE ISSUES AND THE INDEPENDENT VOTE.

As no measure of surplus reduction is likely to pass both Houses of Congress and to be approved by the President, the question will be undoubtedly carried into the campaign. But, as we have said more than once, we presume that independent voters will look at the average of probable general advantage to determine their votes. Those who lay great stress upon civil service reform will not be governed solely by their disappointment with the course of the President; and those who would like to see a just measure of tariff reform will not, for that reason alone, vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. The rule works both ways. The man who will not make civil service reform the only consideration will not be likely to look exclusively at tariff reform. He will consider many things. Besides specific measures, the general character, spirit, tradition, and tendency of parties, their action upon other questions not less important than tariff reform, will be naturally scrutinized. Those who hold tariff reform to be the paramount issue will probably feel that all general objections to the Democratic party must be waived, while, on the other hand, those who regard reform in the civil service as of higher importance will find the course of the President and the Democratic opposition to reform reasons for voting against the party notwithstanding the chance of tariff reform.

This is only to say what is undoubtedly true, that there will be greater independence in voting this year than ever before in this generation. The mugwump movement of 1884 has made this possible. The mugwumps took the responsibility of showing that the country had not become Mexicanized, and that a change of party administration did not mean, as was very generally and very honestly supposed, the overthrow of the government. The mugwump movement and its success restored our normal political condition, in which two parties under the government seek to control administration upon grounds of general policy. If the movement of 1884 had done nothing more than this, it would have rendered excellent service. But it did much more. It recalled the public mind to the fact that party in a republic is not an end, but a means, and by breaking the yoke of party despotism it showed the power and the practicability of political independence. Moreover, it drew the whole battery of blackguard vituperation, and so made future independence very much easier. The hesitating voter in 1884 might have doubted the possible issue of Democratic restoration, and for many reasons, and the taunts and jeers hurled at him doubtless seemed to many a mugwump forebodings that might be fulfilled. All that is passed, and every American of an independent mind will now decide how to vote by the average of probable general advantage.

The blunder of party leaders lies in having lost the chance of identifying the success of their party with that probable general advantage. On the Republican side the nomination of BLAINE and the tendencies and situation graphically described by Senator HOAR in his speech upon the BELKNAP impeachment disclosures shook the hold of the party as a party upon some of the earliest and strongest Republicans. On the Democratic side the immense opportunity offered by the election of Mr. CLEVELAND has been lost by the disappointment in regard to reform, and by the wrong-headedness of the party upon most important questions, such as license, electoral legislation, and the general movement of progressive politics. All this probably is not set off to all independent voters by Democratic agreement upon tariff reform. The attitude of both parties leaves such voters independent still, and the fact of so large a body of them and their uncertain action are interesting illustrations of the political situation.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE passage of the International Copyright Bill in the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10 is very significant and very encouraging in regard to the question involved. The vote has also another significance which will be remarked. It was almost a strict party vote. The thirty-four ayes, excepting six or seven, were Republican; the nays were all Democratic. We alluded last week to the Democratic "record" in the New York Legislature during the session just ended. The Democratic tendency upon the copyright question, as indicated by the vote in the Senate, is of the same obstructive and reactionary kind. The argument was, in plain English, that to steal foreign books is to provide cheap reading for the American public. We know, of course, the plea of the law, and that that cannot be called stealing which the law permits. But that is an argument which may be left to the individual conscience. It is a trick of words. The law in England and in the United States and in all civilized countries acknowledges the author's right of property in his work. At present in this country the law concedes it in the case of an author who is a citizen, and denies it in the case of one who is not. It is a law which is instinctively felt not to be founded in justice, and the practical result is to deprive both the American and foreign author's property of value. What is the pertinence of saying that if the law be so amended as to give the value of his property to the author, it will deprive his neighor of cheap reading? If his neighbor be a true-hearted American, will he wish to be supplied with cheap reading at the expense of somebody else?

The bill as passed by the Senate is a compromise of many interests. It has provisions which we would gladly see modified, but from the first we have stated that it is a common waiver. Hitherto legislation has been impossible from the conflict of interests. The type-setters especially have felt themselves to be threatened by an international agreement, and they have been strong enough to prevent agreement upon any bill. The concession of type-setting in this country as a condition of copyright has now been made, and the bill has passed the Senate. Under the bill American authors cannot make their plates abroad, nor foreign authors who would enjoy American copyright make them at home. This is an obvious restriction upon free choice which may be often inconvenient, and coupled as it is with the prohibition of importation of copyrighted works, except in two copies at a time, with the express written consent of the holder of the copyright, and solely for private use and not for sale, it is a high price paid to the American type-setter for withdrawing opposition to the bill. But there is no concealment or trick. The conditions are perfectly well understood, and high as the price of the compromise is, it is felt that the advantage gained is worth it.

Each number of a periodical is to be considered an independent publication to be copyrighted, and the bill secures to authors and their assigns the sole right of dramatizing or translating any of their works which may be copyrighted under the act. The sum of the whole is that if the foreign author will make proper deposit of the title of his work with the Librarian of Congress, and on the day of publication two copies of his work printed here, he can have an American copyright. The alternative of the bill was simple, for it was this or nothing, and the result is one upon which the gentlemen who have been most active are warmly to be congratulated. They have worked with untiring persistence, and they have patiently and conclusively encountered all opposition and disposed of all argument. Senator CHACE also has been a constant champion, and did not suffer the bill to be neglected. It is clear that if the present effort should fail, it would be very long before anything further would be attempted, and the fate of the bill in the House will be watched with the greatest interest. The argument of cheap reading is not effective when, in addition to the unmanliness of securing cheapness by want of fair play, it is known that the argument could apply only, if at all, to the reprints of novels. The bill will have excellent advocates in the House, and we trust that it will be as fortunate as it has been in the Senate.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

THE probable resignation of Mr. ATKINS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is announced, and there are conflicting rumors as to his successor. Generally in such a bureau the promotion of the deputy or assistant would seem to be best for the service. But it happens that the gross political abuse of the Indian service is understood to be mainly due to Mr. UPSHAW, the Assistant Commissioner, and his promotion, therefore, would be a disaster. According to our information, the Assistant Commissioner has devoted his energies to "working the service" to the utmost for the benefit of his party, and not for the advantage of the Indians nor the honor of the government.

The most disinterested and friendly observers of the Indian policy, those who go to the reservations and see for themselves, and who know, as hitherto very few people in the country have cared to know, the exact situation, report the most wanton and arbitrary changes in the service, apparently or evidently for no reason whatever but the gratification of some member of Congress or the promotion of some political scheme. This was practicable before the Indian question had become what it now is, a subject of intelligent public attention, and the scene of the Indian service is so far removed from the immediate scrutiny of the press, and peremptory official affirmations and denials are so impressive, that the opportunities of abuse are still great, and therefore no branch of the service demands more constant and careful attention from the government than that of Indian affairs.

The first step, and the most significant of a change which is demanded by the best interests of the Indians and the honor of the government, should be, not the promotion, but the removal, of the Assistant Commissioner. This we believe to be the very emphatic opinion of all those who are most familiar with the situation. It is evident that the conduct of the Administration in every department will be severely tested by the rules of good service during the campaign, and the very votes which are most important will be most affected by the revelations that will be made in the Indian service. It would be most unfortunate if the appointment of Mr. UPSHAW should show the approval by the Administration of the state of affairs in the Indian Bureau.

A FREE VOTE FOR NEW YORK.

ONE of the best of the bills passed by the late Legislature in New York was that providing for a free ballot by authorizing public payment for printing the ballots and enabling every voter to choose his candidates for himself. This would be a very great gain for honest politics, by depriving strikers of the pretext under which they swindle candidates for election expenses, and by preventing bosses from using the voters as mere instruments for depositing ballots.

One of the most suspicious phenomena of American public life is the tendency to nominate rich men for office. It has come to be very generally understood that only men of good incomes can "afford" to take public office. This is due mainly, not to the small salaries of the offices, but to the enormous contributions demanded of candidates for the "necessary expenses" of elections. This subject has been luminously treated in the papers of Mr. IVINS and Mr. BISHOP read before the Commonwealth Club. The prices paid for important nominations—because that is the practical result—are enormous, and in the case of judges the result upon the public mind is exceedingly unfortunate. It is a great wrong, a great scandal, and a great danger.

The provisions of the bill which passed the Legislature are simple and effective. We have heretofore stated the details. Nothing is required which is in the least doubtful or troublesome to any voter who is intelligent enough to vote at all. But there is much which is very troublesome to the traders who wish to "vote him." And it is this class of people which objects to the bill. The most venal politicians are afraid of losing complete control of their henchmen if the bill should become a law. The objectors and the objection are therefore among the strongest arguments for the bill, and that they are found upon the Democratic side is unfortunate for that party. The bill is in the Governor's hands, and every high and just public consideration urges him to approve it. His refusal would be a grave public misfortune, and the defeat of the bill by Democratic hostility would tend only to confirm the feeling that all measures of practical administrative reform which are suggested by experience, and which public intelligence demands, are in danger of encountering Democratic opposition.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE New York Republican Convention was not less harmonious than the Democratic. The proceedings had the same air of machine precision, and the plans of Mr. PLATT, who is admitted to be the most powerful Republican leader in the State, were fully carried out. Mr. FITCH, of the Rochester *Democrat*, was the temporary chairman, and his admirable oratory must have lent a charm to the delivery of his speech, although, by the stern necesssity of such occasions, it was wholly partisan, claiming every virtue for one party, and denying patriotism, honesty, wisdom, and intelligence to the other. Its conclusion pointed to Mr. BLAINE or Mr. DEPEW as a candidate most acceptable to New York Republicans, with a word of praise for the Western candidates.

Mr. FITCH protested warmly against an instructed delegation. This is sound doctrine, and it happens this year to seem to Mr. PLATT to be good politics, so that Senator HISCOCK, ex-Senator WARNER MILLER, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, and THOMAS C. PLATT, who were selected as delegates at large, will go uninstructed to Chicago. Mr. PITTS was permanent chairman, and in his brief speech he described the election of Mr. CLEVELAND as an accident. The phrase is milder than the one usually employed in Republican descriptions of that event. The platform was reported by Mr. GEORGE BLISS, and was very short. It assumed the nomination of a stanch protectionist at Chicago, disapproved the MILLS bill and every wicked free-trade device, and referred all other questions to the National and State nominating Conventions.

Mr. BLISS also introduced a resolution, which was adopted, providing that in 1892, and every Presidential year thereafter, the district electors shall be selected by the district delegates elected to the State Convention last preceding the election. This is wise, for electors to be voted for in November can be selected in September more wisely than in May. A resolution of respect for Mr. CONKLING was adopted, and also an approval of district electors already selected, and referring those yet to be chosen to the next State Convention. There were no speeches after that of Mr. FITCH, and in the reports the proceedings have a very perfunctory air. It was the only Republican Convention of the kind held in New York since the party was organized which had not a candidate for the Presidency acclaimed with enthusiasm by the great man of the Convention. Its preference was undoubtedly BLAINE, with a warm feeling for DEPEW. But undoubtedly the story of the Convention does not seem like that of a party with its face turned toward the sunrise.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE New York Democratic Convention was so harmonious as to be dull. The business, indeed, was not of very great importance, as there were no nominations of high State officers to be made, and whoever might be selected as delegates to St. Louis would vote for the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. The fact of interest in the Convention was the practical extinction of Governor HILL. There was a great deal of shouting when his name was mentioned, but he was not chosen as a delegate to the National Convention, and the State Committee was reconstructed largely without his friends. There have been times when he seemed to have a considerable support in the State, but it was brought to a decisive test in the Convention, and disappeared.

The platform warmly praises the President's message, and demands reduction of the surplus in a manner to benefit American industry. But it does not mention the specific measure of reduction, the MILLS bill, now pending in Congress. Nothing could be more unlike a free-trade declaration, and its silence upon the MILLS bill is very significant. For if the President's policy be that of the party, why should the party not strengthen that policy by an explicit declaration for the measure that embodies it? This clause of the platform illustrates the situation. General declarations only are supposed to be safe.

The platform also denounces trusts and the electoral reform bill and the subservience of the Republican party to moneyed interests, and praises perfunctorily the HILL administration. It also declares that the civil service has been purified, elevated, and improved. But there is a careful avoidance of other allusion to the subject. The platform has a peculiarly insincere ring. The denunciation of trusts and of the electoral reform bill sounds like mere demagogic appeals, not like well-considered and earnest convictions. There was no contest of any kind in the Convention, and its business was performed in one day, which is unusual for a Democratic Convention. It is very long since there has been so harmonious a Convention of the party.

THE JUNE "HARPER."

THE June number of HARPER'S MONTHLY is of peculiar interest from the names of writers, the character of their articles, and the charm of the illustrations. Mr. BOWKER'S second article upon "London as a Literary Centre" has all the freshness and interest of the first, and with the likenesses of familiar authors it gives us such a glimpse of literary London as we have not had before. The frontispiece of the number is an admirable portrait of Mrs. CRAIK, formerly Miss MULOCK, the author of *John Halifax*, which has a certain comely resemblance to the likenesses of the Queen. WILLIAM BLACK continues his tale "In Far Lochaber," HENRY JAMES has a story of "Two Countries," and Mr. HOWELLS begins a new novel, "Annie Kilburn."

Mr. JAMES'S tale is illustrated by REINHART, and is a very strong and striking sketch of character, revealing the subtle forces in the lives of to-day, and it is in the true sense a realistic drama. Mr. HOWELLS begins his story in Rome, and transfers the scene to a New England village, with opening glimpses of characters drawn with the quiet confidence of a master, and promising the old delight that springs from the delicate insight and profound human sympathy of his genius. There is no living writer whose new novel awakens a deeper interest surer to be wisely gratified than Mr. HOWELLS. This number of the Magazine is like a garden in these early summer days. It is full of fragrance and bloom, and wherever we turn we find something to stay our steps and charm our attention.

Here, for instance, is Mr. ALDRICH'S little poem "Batyushka":

> "From yonder gilded minaret
> Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
> I faintly catch from time to time,
> The sweet aerial midnight chime—
> 'God save the Tsar!'"

It is one of his characteristic melodies, ringing like the bell it describes, and hinting a tragedy. It is fit company for WORDSWORTH'S sonnet, which ALFRED PARSONS illustrates. Here too is Mr. WARNER'S second paper on Chicago, the fourth of the series upon the Great West, and no more valuable series is now appearing in the magazines. Never has Chicago been more adequately portrayed, and something of its life beyond its fabulous prosperity, something of its tastes and cultivation, are imparted to us by this friendly eye and mind and dexterous hand. ROBERT HAY takes the willing reader to the farther West, and as he shows us the amazing growth, the comfort, the enterprise, he reminds us that in Kansas we are but in the central State. We must leave other names and other papers unnoted. But the reader will certainly agree that it is long since HARPER has put a better foot forward.

"KING RAMIREZ."

IN response to inquiries from many of our subscribers we give the story of CASADO'S painting "King Ramirez," reproduced in the article on "Spanish Art," in the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The picture was in the National Exhibition at Madrid in 1881, and is entitled "The Legend of the Monk King." The story is taken from the Catalogue of the Exhibition, and is as follows:

"Historical tradition recounts that in the twelfth century Don RAMIRO II. of Aragon, becoming tired of the disdain with which the nobles treated the royal authority and trampled upon the rights of the people, resolved upon a terrible means of bringing his arrogant vassals to terms. The king promised to have a bell manufactured of such dimensions that, resounding throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, it would call to obedience at once the exalted mutineers as well as the humbler rebels against his sway. On the occasion of the mutiny of the nobles in Cortes, in Huesca, Don RAMIRO, being advised of a fresh conspiracy, caused fifteen of the rebels to be seized with great secrecy and decapitated. The heads of the unfortunate captives were then placed so as to form a circle, in the centre of which was placed that of the archbishop, a magnate of great power. The nobles were then summoned, and the ingenious arrangement of heads was presented to their affrighted vision as the famous bell which their king had promised them, and which was to call all his vassals to obedience to him and his laws."

PERSONAL.

THE Yankee Irishman, amateur athlete, and professional poet, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, is making a canoe trip through the Dismal Swamp. Along with the pleasure of his journey is the purpose of writing a book descriptive of that romantic region.

—DALY'S company of American actors has tempted not only the Prince of Wales to the London theatre where it is playing, but nearly all the members of the royal household, always excepting Queen VICTORIA herself, have enjoyed the performances.

—Some of the doctors of this land are not trying overmuch to keep up with the progress of the age. Dr. L. W. FOX, of Philadelphia, some time ago performed the delicate operation in surgery of transplanting the cornea of a rabbit's eye to a human eye, and the American Medical Men's Association invited him to prepare a paper on the subject to be read at their convention held last week in Cincinnati. He accepted, and went West to the convention with a carefully prepared history of his work. But when Dr. FOX offered in the convention the paper he had been invited to write, the other doctors voted that "professional etiquette" prohibited its going into the minutes. The reason given for this remarkable snub was that it had been found that Dr. Fox had been guilty of submitting to an interview by a newspaper reporter on the subject of his wonderful operation.

—Dr. W. W. LAMAN, whose earlier years were devoted to scientific quests in Siberia and central Africa, was on last week's death roll. Within the past few years he had been devoting himself to establishing the Adirondack aqueduct. He spent over $20,000 in making surveys, and he expected favorable action from the recent New York Legislature, having secured favorable committee reports on his plans. The Legislature adjourned, however, leaving the bill untouched, and the old man, who had seen in this aqueduct scheme a great monument to himself, died of a broken heart.

—It is related that over twenty Southern "fairs" have already invited JEFFERSON DAVIS to deliver orations next fall.

—President CLEVELAND confesses that once in his life he has been envious. J. P. BASS, of Bangor, sent a big Penobscot salmon to the White House a little while ago, and the President, in acknowledging the remembrance, has written, "I suppose I ought not to ask more than the opportunity you have offered me of capturing my share of the fish when served and upon the table, but I am mean enough to envy the man who caught it." Exalted honors have not abated that old-time love of fishing.

—Governor BOB TAYLOR having been renominated, Tennessee is looking forward to another campaign of song-singing and fiddling.

—Now cremation invades the Southwest. St. Louis has built a crematory, and Dr. W. B. HAZARD, one of the most prominent physicians of that city, just dead, is the first man incinerated.

—Mrs. FANNY B. HUTCHINSON, who was one of the famous HUTCHINSON family that sang liberty songs through the land before and during the war, has just died in Massachusetts.

—Heroism prompts generous responses in the American heart. The brave girl school-teachers of the far West who through the blinding blizzard saved their school-children by exposing themselves to the point of death have received nearly $20,000 from admirers of their devoted courage throughout the country.

—MOLLIE GARFIELD becomes the wife of J. STANLEY BROWN, the late President GARFIELD'S private secretary, the middle of next month. On the same day MOLLIE GARFIELD'S brother HENRY is to be married. HENRY GARFIELD and his brother JAMES are to practise law in Cleveland under the name of GARFIELD & GARFIELD.

—Now the newspapers are trying to make it appear that Mrs. CLEVELAND has a double, and that most of the pretty bits of gossip about Mrs. CLEVELAND'S strolls into the country really describe the journeys of her likeness.

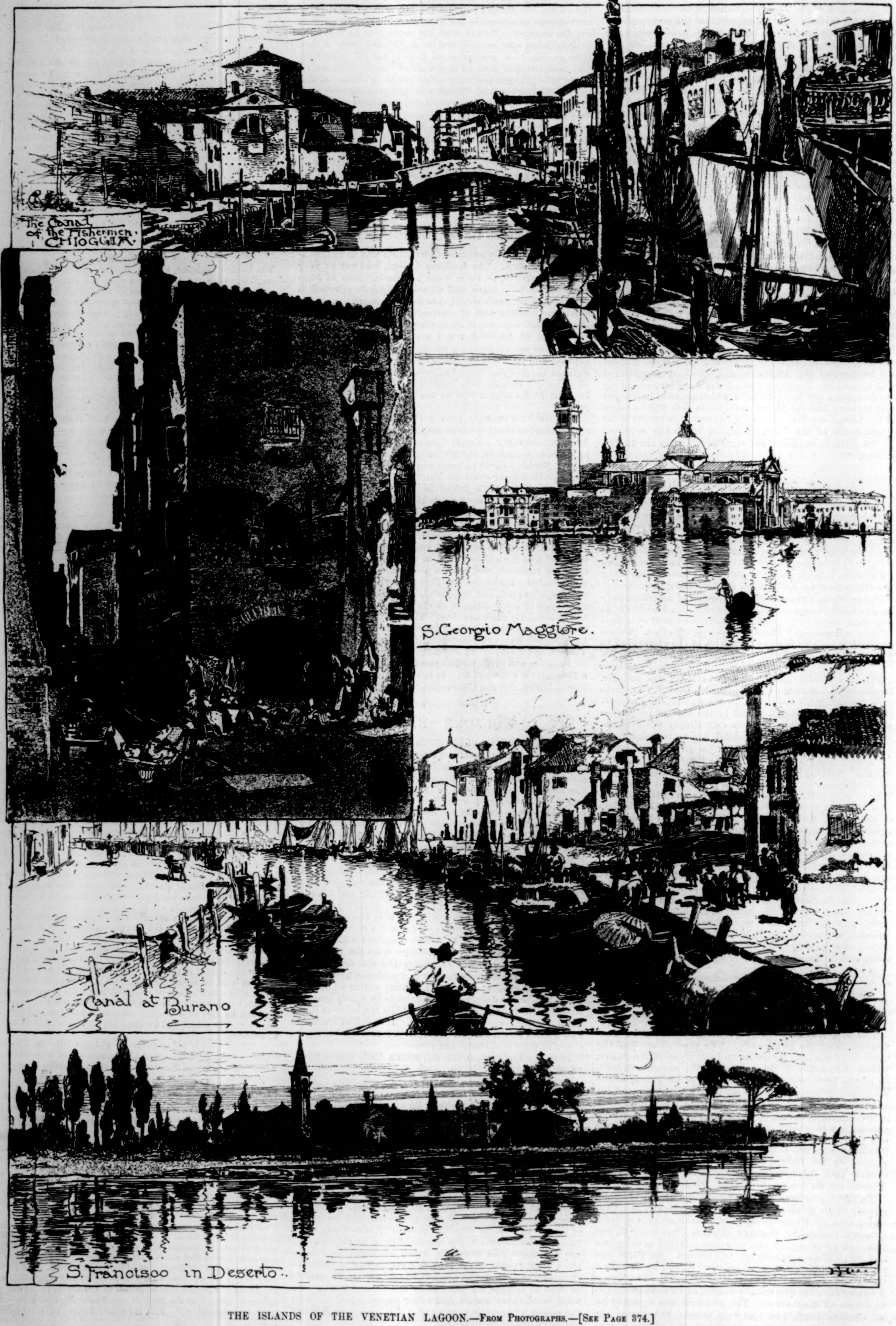
—R. R. CABLE, President of the Rock Island Railway, enjoys the distinction of once having beaten W. H. VANDERBILT in a contest for the control of this road. Mr. CABLE is said to be a typical Western man in appearance—tall, broad-shouldered, strong-featured, with a mustache and chin whiskers. He is a tremendous worker, but he works with open doors, and any one may approach him and be sure of a hearing, no matter how busy he may be. His manner is genial, and he bears his responsibilities as lightly as possible.

—Philadelphia is trying to elevate Chicago. Quaker City capitalists, having bought control of Chicago street railroads, have issued an order that all conductors must hereafter wear clean white shirts.

—A Toronto man, rummaging in a junk-shop, invested two dollars last week in an old, dirty, and battered portrait of ROBERT BURNS, to discover on cleaning it that it was a painting from life by Scotland's famous artist RAEBURN. It is now valued at $10,000, and is to be sent to Scotland.

—Mr. FREDERIC TAYLOR, of the Stock-Exchange, in the last number of the *Forum*, discussed the advisability of having American railways subject to governmental inspection as the National Banks are. He advanced many arguments in favor of such a system—a system that removes from Wall Street much that is most helpful to stock-jobbers, his views being so forcefully stated that many of the most prominent railway managers and political economists of the country have written him congratulatory letters.

—HENRY GEORGE received an announcement a few days ago which is likely to shake his faith somewhat as to the beauties of putting his land-owning theories into practice. A New Jersey farmer named HUTCHINS died about a year ago, leaving his property to Mr. GEORGE to aid in the circulation of the GEORGE ideas. Mr. HUTCHINS'S family did not take kindly, however, to this disposition of a handsome estate, and they appealed to the courts to set the will aside—insisting that the bequest was "neither charitable, benevolent, nor educational." And the courts decide that this objection is valid.



THE ISLANDS OF THE VENETIAN LAGOON.—From Photographs.—[See Page 374.]

A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER II.

AN hour after sundown and the rattling old cabriolet has two occupants as it drives back to town. Colonel Putnam comes forth with the old gentleman whom he had so tenderly conducted to the farm-house but a few moments after the strange scene out on the bank, and is now his escort to Frederick. The sergeant of the guard has been besieged with questions, for several of the men saw the doctor drop upon the bench, and were aware of the melodramatic nature of the meeting. Lieutenant Abbot, with a face paler than before, with a strange look of perplexity and smouldering wrath about his handsome eyes, has gone over to his own tent, where the surgeon presently visits him. The colonel and his civilian visitor are closeted together over half an hour, and the latter looks more dead than alive, say the men, as he feebly totters down the steps clinging to the colonel's arm.

"What did you say was the name of the officer who was killed—his son?" asks one of the guards as he stands at the entrance to the tent.

"Warren — Guthrie Warren," answers the sergeant, briefly. "I don't know whether the old man's crazy or not. He said the lieutenant had been writing to him for months about his son, and the lieutenant denied having written a line."

"He lied, then, by ——!" comes a savage growl from within the tent. "Where is the old man? Give me a look at him!" and the scowling face of Rix makes its sudden appearance at the tent flap, peering forth into the fire-light.

"Be quiet, Rix, and go back where you belong. You've made more than enough trouble to-day," is the sergeant's low-toned order.

"I tell you I only want to see the old man," answers the teamster, struggling. "Don't you threaten me with that bayonet, Drake," he growls savagely at the sentry, who has thrown himself in front of the opening. "It 'll be the worse for you fellows that you ever confined me, no matter by whose order; but as for that stuck-up prig, by ——! you'll see soon enough what 'll come of *his* ordering me into the guard-tent."

His voice is so hoarse and loud with anger that the colonel's attention is attracted. He has just seated Dr. Warren in the vehicle, and is about to take his place by his side when Rix's tirade bursts upon his ear. The words are only partially distinguishable, but the colonel steps promptly back.

"What is the matter with your prisoner, sergeant? Is he drunk or crazy, that he persists in this uproar?"

"I don't think it either, sir," answers the sergeant; while Rix, at sight of his commanding officer, pops his head back within the tent, and shuts the narrow slit. "He's simply ugly and bent on making trouble."

"Well, stop it! If he utters another insubordinate word, have him bucked and gagged at once. He is disgracing the regiment, and I won't tolerate it. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

The colonel turns abruptly away, while the prisoner, knowing his man, keeps discreetly out of sight, and correspondingly silent. At the gate the older officer stops once more and calls to a soldier who is standing near.

"Give my compliments to Lieutenant Abbot, and say that I will be out here again to-morrow afternoon. Now, doctor, I am with you."

"COLONEL PUTNAM RAISES TO THE LIGHT OF THE FIRST LANTERN A HAIRY, BUSHY OBJECT."

The old gentleman is leaning wearily back in his corner of the cab; a strange, stunned, lethargic feeling seems to have come over him. His eyes are fixed on vacancy, if anything, and the colonel's attempt at cheeriness meets no response. As the vehicle slowly rattles away he makes an effort, rouses himself as it were from a stupor-like condition, and abruptly speaks:

"You tell me that—that you have seen Lieutenant Abbot's mail all summer and spring, and never saw a—our postmark—Hastings?"

"I have seen his mail very often, and thought his correspondents were all home people. I am sure I would have noticed any letters coming frequently in one handwriting, and his father's is the only masculine superscription that was at all regular."

"My letters—our home letters—were not often addressed by me," hesitates the doctor. "The postmark might have given you an idea. I had not time—" but he breaks off, weakly. It is so hard for him to prevaricate: and it is bitter as death to tell the truth, now. And worse—worse! What is he to tell—*how* is he to tell her?

The colonel speaks slowly and sadly, but with earnest conviction:

"No words can tell you how I mourn the heartlessness of this trick, doctor; but you may rest assured it is no doing of Abbot's. What earthly inducement could he have? Think of it! a man of his family and connections—and character, too. Some scoundrel has simply borrowed his name, possibly in the hope of bleeding you for money. Did none of the letters ever suggest embarrassments? It is most unfortunate that you did not bring them with you. I know the writing of every officer and many of the men in the regiment, and it would give me a clew with which to work. Promise me you will send them when you reach home."

The doctor bows his head in deep dejection. "What good will it do? I thought to find a comrade of my boy's. Indeed, it must be one who knew him well!—and how can I desire to bring to punishment one who appreciated my son as this unknown writer evidently did? His only crime seems to have been a hesitancy about giving his own name."

"And a scoundrelly larceny of that of a better man in every way. No, doctor. The honor of my regiment demands that he be run down and brought to justice; and you must not withhold the only proof with which we can reach him. Promise me!"

"I—I will think. I am all unstrung now, my dear sir. Pray do not press me. If it was not Mr. Abbot, who could it have been? Who else could have known him?"

"Why, Dr. Warren, there are probably fifty Harvard men in this one regiment—or were, at least," says the colonel, sadly, "up to a month ago. Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam have left but a moiety. Most of our officers are graduates of the old college, and many a man was there. I dare say I could have found a dozen who well knew your son. In the few words I had with Abbot, he told me he remembered that there had been some talk among the officers last July after your son was killed. Some one saw the name in the papers, and said that it must have been Warren of the class of '58, and our Captain Webster, who was killed at Manassas, was in that class and knew him well. Abbot said he remembered him, by sight, as a Sophomore would know a Senior, but had never spoken to him. Anybody hearing all the talk going on at the time we got the news of Seven Pines could have woven quite a college history out of it—and somebody has."

"Ah, colonel! There is still the fact of the photograph, and the letters that were written about Guthrie all last winter—long before Seven Pines."

The colonel looks utterly dejected too; he shakes his head mournfully. "That troubles Abbot as much as it does me. Fields, gallant fellow, was our adjutant then, and he and Abbot were close friends. He could hardly have had a hand in anything beyond the photograph and letter which, you tell me, were sent to the Soldiers' Aid Society in town. I remember the young fellows were having quite a lot of fun about their Havelocks when we lay at Edwards Ferry; but Fields was shot dead, almost the first man, at Cedar Mountain, and of the thirty-five officers we had when we crossed the Potomac the first time, only eleven are with the —th to-day. Abbot, who was a junior second lieutenant then, is a captain now, by rights, and daily expecting his promotion. I showed you several letters in his hand; and they, you admit, are utterly unlike the ones you received. Indeed, doctor, it is impossible to connect Abbot with it in any way."

The doctor's face is covered by his hands. In ten minutes or less he must be at *her* side. What can he tell his little girl? What shall he say? What possible, probable story can man invent to cover a case so cruel as this? He hardly hears the colonel's words. He is thinking—thinking with a bursting heart and whirling brain. For a time all sense of the loss of his only son seems deadened in face of this undreamed-of, this almost incredible shadow that has come to blight the sweet and innocent life that is so infinitely dear to him. What can he say to Bessie when he meets those beautiful, pleading, trusting, anxious eyes? She has borne up so bravely, silently, patiently. Their journey has been trying and full of fatigue, but once at Frederick he has left her in the hands of a sympathetic woman, the wife of the proprietor of the only tavern in which a room could be had, and, promising to return as soon as he could see the lieutenant, he has gone away on his quest with hopeful heart. A soldier claiming to be of the —th Massachusetts told them that very morning at the Baltimore station that Mr. Abbot was well enough to be up and about. It is barely nine o'clock now. In less than an hour there will be a train going back. All he can think of is that they must go—go as quick as possible. They have nothing now to keep them here, and he has one secret to guard from all—his little girl's. No one must know, none suspect that. In the bitterness of desolation, still stunned and bewildered by the cruelty of the blow that has come upon them, his mind is clear on that point. If possible no one, except those people at the tavern, must know she was with him. None must suspect—above all—none must suspect the bitter truth. It would crush her like a bruised and trodden flower.

"If—if it had been a correspondence where there was a woman in the case," begins the colonel again — and the doctor starts as though stung, and his wrinkled hands wring each other under the heavy travelling shawl he wears—"I could understand the thing better. Quite a number of romantic correspondences have grown up between our soldiers and young girls at home through the medium of these mittens and things; they seem to have lost their old significance. But you give me to understand that—that there was none?"

"The letters were solely about my son, all that ever came to me," said the doctor.

"That seems to complicate the matter. If it were a mere flirtation by letter, such as is occasionally going on, *then* somebody might have borrowed his name and stolen his photograph; but I don't see how he could have secured the replies — the girl's letters — in such a case. No. As you say, doctor, that wasn't apt to be the solution, though I'm at a loss to account for the letters that came from you. They were addressed to Lieutenant Abbot, camp of the —th Massachusetts, you tell me, and Abbot declares he has never heard from any one of your name, or had a letter from Hastings. He would be the last man, too, to get into a correspondence with a woman, for he is engaged."

The doctor starts again as though stung a second time. Was there not in one of those letters a paragraph over which his sweet daughter had blushed painfully as she strove to read it aloud? Did it not speak of an entanglement that once existed; an affair in which his heart had never been enlisted, but where family considerations and parental wishes had conspired to bring about a temporary "understanding"? The cabriolet is bouncing about on the cobble-stones of the old-fashioned street, and the doctor is thankful for the physical jar. Another moment and they draw up at the door of the old Maryland hostelry, and the colonel steps out and assists his companion to alight.

"Let me take you to your room now, doctor; then I'll have our staff surgeon come over and see you. It has been a shock which would break a younger man—"

But the old gentleman has nerved himself for the struggle. First and foremost, no one must follow him to his room—none suspect the trial there awaiting him. He turns sadly, but with decision.

"Colonel, I cannot thank you now as you deserve; once home, I will write, but now what I need is absolute rest a little while. I am stunned, bewildered. I must think this out, and my best plan is to get to sleep first. Forgive me, sir, for my apparent discourtesy, and do not take it amiss if I say that for a few moments—for

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1639.

the present—I should like to be alone. We—we will meet again, sir, if it rest with me, and I will write. Good-night, colonel. Good-night, sir."

And he turns hurriedly away. For a moment the soldier stands uncertain what to do. Then he enters the hallway, determined to bespeak the best offices of the host in behalf of his stricken friend. There is a broad stairway some distance back in the hall, and up this he sees the doctor slowly laboring. He longs to go to his assistance, but stands irresolute, fearing to offend. The old gentleman nears the top, and is almost on the landing above, when a door is suddenly opened, a light, quick step is heard, and in an instant a tall, graceful girl, clad in deep black—a girl whom the colonel sees is young, beautiful, and very pale—springs forward into view, places her hands on the old man's shoulders, and looks eagerly, imploringly, into his face. What she asks, what she says, the colonel cannot hear; but another moment solves all doubt as to his proper course. He sees her clasped to the doctor's breast; he sees them clinging to each other one instant, and then the father, with sudden rally, bears her pale and probably fainting from his sight. A door shuts with muffled slam, and they are gone; and with the intuition of a gentleman Colonel Putnam realizes why his proffer of services would now be out of place.

"And so there is a woman in the case, after all," he thinks to himself as he steps forth into the cool evening air. "And it is for her sake the good old man shrinks from dragging the matter into the light of day—his daughter, probably; and some scoundrel has been at work, and in my regiment."

The colonel grinds his teeth and clinches his fists at this reflection. He is a husband and father himself, and now he understands some features in the old doctor's trouble which had puzzled him before. He strolls across the street to the sidewalk under the quaint old red-brick, dormer-windowed houses where lights are still gleaming, and where groups of people are chatting and laughing in the pleasant air. Many of them are in the rough uniform of the army—teamsters, drivers, and slightly wounded soldiers out on pass from the neighboring field hospitals. The old cabriolet is being trundled off to some neighboring stable after a brief confabulation between the driver thereof and the landlord of the tavern, and the colonel is about hailing and tendering the Jehu another job for the morrow when he sees that somebody else is before him; and bending down from his seat, the driver is talking with a man who has come out from the shadow of a side porch. There is but little light in the street, and the colonel has turned on reaching the curb, and is seeking among the windows across the way for one which may possibly prove to be the young lady's. He is interested in the case more than ever now, but the windows give no sign. Some are lighted, and occasional shadows flit across them, but none that are familiar. Suddenly he hears a sound that brings him back to himself—the tramp of marching feet, and the sudden clash of arms as they halt; a patrol from the provost marshal's guard comes quickly around a corner from the soft dust of a side street, and the non-commissioned officers are sharply halting all neighboring men in uniform, and examining their passes. Several parties in army overcoats shuffle uneasily up the street, only to fall into the clutches of a companion patrol that pops up as suddenly around the next corner beyond. "Rounding up the stragglers," thinks the colonel, with a quiet smile of approval, and, like the soldier he is, he finds time to look on a moment and watch the manner in which the work is done. The patrol seems to have possessed itself of both sides of the street at the same instant, and "spotted" every man in blue. These are bidden to stand until their papers are examined by the brace of young officers who appear upon the scene, belted and sashed, and bearing small lanterns. Nor are uniforms alone subject to scrutiny. Ever since Second Bull Run there has been much straggling in the army, and not a little desertion; and though a fortnight has passed since Antietam was fought, the provost marshal's men have not yet finished scouring the country, and a sharp lookout is kept for deserters. Those civilians who can readily establish their identity as old residents of the town have no trouble. Occasionally a man is encountered whom nobody seems to know, and, despite their protestations, two of these characters have been gathered in by the patrol, and are now on their way to the office. The colonel hears their mingled complaint and blasphemy as they are marched past him by a file of the guard, and then turns to the nearest of the officers:

"Lieutenant, did you note the man who ran back from where that cab is standing?"

The officer of the patrol looks quickly up from the "pass" he is examining by the light of his lantern, and at sight of Colonel Putnam his hand goes up to the visor of his cap.

"No, colonel; was there one? Which way did he go?"

"Straight back to the shadow of the porch; just a minute ago. What attracted my attention to him was the fact that he was deep in talk with the driver when your men rounded the corner, and did not seem to hear or see them. Then I turned to look at that corporal yonder, as he crossed to halt a man on the east side, and at sound of his voice this fellow at the cab started suddenly and ran, crouching in the shadow, back to the side of the tavern there. It looks suspicious."

"Come with me, two of you," says the lieutenant, quickly, and, followed by a brace of his guard, he crosses the street, and his lantern is seen dancing around the dark gallery. The colonel meantime accosts the driver:

"What took that man away so suddenly? Who is he?"

"I don't know, sir. I never seen him afore. He stopped me right here to ask who the gentleman was I was drivin'. I told him your name, 'cause I heard it, and he started then kinder queer, but came back and said 'twas the citizen he meant; and the boss here had just told me that was Dr. Warren, and that his daughter was upstairs. Then the feller jumped like he was scared; the guard had just come round the corner, and when he saw them he just put for the barn."

"Is there a barn back there?" asks the colonel. The driver nods assent. A moment's silence, and then the colonel continues: "I want to see you in the morning. Wait for me here at the hotel about nine o'clock. Meantime say nothing about this, and you'll lose nothing by holding your tongue. What was his face like—this man, I mean?"

"Couldn't see it, sir. It was dark, and he had a beard all over it, and wore a black-felt hat—soft; and he had a cloak something like yours, that was wrapped all over his shoulders."

"Remember I want to see you here in the morning; and hold your tongue till then."

With that the colonel hastens off on the trail of the searching party. He sees the lantern glimmering among some dark buildings beyond the side gallery, and thither he follows. To all appearances the spot is almost a *cul-de-sac* of wooden barns, board fences, and locked doors, except for a gateway leading to the yard behind the tavern. The search has revealed no trace of the skulker, and the lieutenant holds his lamp aloft as he examines the gate and peers over the picket-fence that stands barely breast-high and bars them out.

"May have gone in here," he mutters. "Come on!"

But the search here only reveals half a dozen avenues of escape. The man could have gone back through several doors into the building itself, or eastward, through some dilapidated yards, into a street that was uninfested by patrols and dark as the bottom of a well. "It is useless to waste further time," says the lieutenant, who presently rejoins the colonel behind the tavern, and finds him staring up at the rear windows. To him the young officer, briefly and in low tone, reports the result of his search.

"I presume there is nothing else I can do just here, is there, colonel?" he asks.

The colonel shakes his head. "Nothing that I can think of, unless you look through the halls and office."

"We are going there. Shall I light you back to the street?"

"Er—ah—no! I think I'll wait here—just a moment," says the colonel, and, marvelling not a little, the subaltern leaves him.

No sooner is he gone, followed by his men, than Colonel Putnam steps back to the side of an old chain-pump that he has found in the course of his researches, and here he leans for support. Though his shoulder has set in shape, and is doing fairly well, he has had two rather long drives this day, and one fatiguing experience; he is beginning to feel wearied, but is not yet ready to go to his bed. That was Dr. Warren's shadow, bent and feeble, that he saw upon the yellow light of the window-shade a moment ago, and he is worried at the evidence of increasing weakness and sorrow. Even while he rests there, irresolute as to what he ought to do—whether to go and insist on his right, as a man and a father, to be of some comfort to another in his sore trial, or to respect that father's evident wish to conceal his daughter's interest in the trouble that had come upon them—he is startled to see another shadow, hers; and this shadow is in hat and veil. Whither can they be going at this hour of the night? 'Tis nearly ten o'clock. Yes, surely; there is the doctor's bent shadow once more, and he has thrown on an outer coat of some kind. Then they are going back by the night train. They shrink from having it known that she was here at all; that she was in any way interested. And the doctor wants to make his escape without the pang of seeing or being seen again by those who witnessed his utter shock and distress this day. So be it! thinks the colonel. God knows I would not intrude on the sanctity of his sorrow or her secret. Later, when they are home again, the matter can be looked into so far as getting specimens of this skulking felon's handwriting is concerned, and no one need know, when he is unearthed, that it was a young girl he was luring under the name of another man. So be it! They may easily elude all question now. Night and the sacred mantle of their evident suffering will shield them from observation or question.

The colonel draws deeper into the shade of the barn. It seems a sacrilege now to be thus spying upon their movements, and he is ashamed of the impulse that kept him there. He decides to leave the yard and betake himself to his lodgings, when he is suddenly aware of a dark object rising from under the back porch. Stealthily and slowly the figure comes crouching out into the open yard, coming toward where the colonel stands in the shadow of the black out-buildings; and then, when close by the pump where he stood but a moment before, it rises to its full height, and draws a long breath of relief. It is a man in a soft black felt hat, with a heavy dark beard, and wearing one of the biggest of the great circular capes that make a part of the officer's overcoat, and are most frequently worn without the coat itself, unless the weather be severe.

The colonel is unarmed; his pistols are over at the room he temporarily occupies in town; he is suffering from recent injury, and one arm is practically good for nothing, but he loses no time in lamenting these points. The slight form of the girl approaches the window at this very instant, as though to pick up some object on the sill, then disappears, and the light vanishes from the room. From the figure at the pump he hears a stifled exclamation of surprise, but no articulate word; and before the figure has time to recover he stands close beside it, and his voice breaks the stillness of the night:

"Your name, sir, and your regiment? I am Colonel Putnam."

He has laid his hand on the broad shoulder under the cloak, and plainly feels the start and thrill with which his words are greeted. He even fancies he can hear the stifled word "God!" The man seems stricken dumb, and more sharply the colonel begins his stern query a second time, but gets no farther than "Your name," when, with a violent wrench, the stranger is free; he makes a spring, trips over some loose rubbish, and goes crashing to earth.

"The guard!" yells the colonel, as he throws himself upon him, but the man is up in an instant, hurls off his antagonist, and, this time, leaps off into darkness in comparative safety. But he has left a clew behind. As the soldiers of the provost guard come running around into the yard, and the windows are thrown up and eager heads peer forth in excited inquiry, Colonel Putnam raises to the light of the first lantern a hairy, bushy object that he holds in his hand; it is a false beard, and a big one.

"By Jove!" says the lieutenant. "It must be some rebel spy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VENETIAN LAGOON.

In spite of all that Philistinism, improvements, progress, and such like sworn enemies of the picturesque may do, Venice remains. There are steamers on the Grand Canal; there are a bridge and a railway to the main-land; year by year some romantic canal is filled up and made into a street, or some characteristic narrow *calle* is widened and made modern and ugly; but nothing can destroy the site of the city planted on the sea, and centuries of improvement could not utterly destroy her canals and palaces, or make her other than unique and unapproachably beautiful.

Every one in these days knows more or less of Venice, even if he knows only the hotels or the shops of the Piazza. But even those who know the city best, and have bowed down to Ruskin, and meekly permitted him to lead them here and there to gaze on wonders that never existed, rarely know the sisters of Venice, the islands of the lagoon. Now and then a tourist goes to Torcello or Chioggia, and the sea-baths of the Lido are the common meeting-ground of the Philistines, and of the child of light and slave of Ruskin; but the score of other islands, large and small, are almost wholly unknown except to the Venetian.

We have on our Great South Bay of Long Island a counterpart of the Venetian lagoon, though the American lagoon is scoured by stronger tides than those of the Adriatic. Each is a shallow sheet of water traversed by channels, which in the case of the Venetian lagoon are called canals; each is shut off from the sea by a range of narrow sand-hills, through which at various inlets the sea finds entrance. Each has its living and dead lagoon. Nearly one-half the Venetian lagoon consists of low level islands just rising above the surface of the water, and never submerged by the tide. These constitute the *laguna morta*, or dead lagoon, and precisely correspond to that part of the Great South Bay that is known as Hempstead Bay.

The Venetian lagoon contains about one hundred and eighty square miles of water and meadow. With the exception of the channels or canals, the deepest of which, that of Malamocco, is practicable for the heaviest iron-clads, the depth of water at high tide varies from six to three inches, while at low tide large surfaces of mud and sea-weed are left bare. In fact the Venetian "flats" remind the canoeist, who for his sins has cruised in the Great South Bay, of the "flats" on the beach side of the bay, over which I once dragged a canoe for nearly two days, wading in three inches of water, and expressing views as to the character and ultimate destination of the friend who had told me, "If you cruise through the Great South Bay, by all means take the beach side."

It is commonly believed that Venice was founded by fugitives from the main-land who fled before the invasion of Attila. But long before that period there was a large population of fishermen living on the islands of the lagoon. Indeed, the island of Rialto, where now stands the city of Venice, was for years after the time of Attila an insignificant fishing village, much inferior in population to Malamocco, Heraclea, and other villages of the lagoon. A confederacy of the lagoon settlements, each one of which had previously been independent, was formed in the year 466, and was governed by a parliament; but it was not till 697 that a supreme Executive, called the Doge, was elected. Between the two chief towns, Malamocco and Heraclea, there was a long and bitter rivalry for the hegemony of the Venetian Confederation, which lasted until Heraclea was razed to the ground by the men of Malamocco and their allies, and never rebuilt. The selection of Rialto as the site of the capital was due to the alarm caused by the attack made on the Venetian confederacy in 809 by Pepin, the Frankish king. The inhabitants of Malamocco, in terror of the fleet of Pepin, sought refuge in Rialto, and as the event showed that Rialto was inaccessible by a hostile fleet, unless the secret of the winding channels of the lagoon should be known to the invader, its superiority over Malamocco as the seat of government was evident. It was in the year 813 that Rialto, or Venice, became the capital of the confederacy, and it is hence to Pepin and not to Attila that is due the founding of the city of Venice.

There is a charm in exploring the Venetian lagoon of which he who knows only the canals of Venice itself has no idea. You are alone in your *gondola* or your *sandolo*, for the rower, who is behind you and out of sight, effaces himself in silence. Island after island floats past you: one is a miniature Venice, with canals and bridges; another is a green tree-shadowed paradise, with its lonely monastery; another is a deserted fort, where once the Austrian flag waved, but where there are now only long grasses and patches of white and red flowers—nature having been quick to plant the Italian tricolor. You pass market boats laden with vegetables from Mazzorbo, or fish from Chioggia, or hay from Torcello. Long rafts from the woody regions of the Piave are poled along the channel by bronzed figures clad only in abbreviated shirts; an omnibus boat, crowded with people from Murano or Burano, and rowed by four gondoliers, passes you with a swell that suggests a steam-tug; and nearly naked fishermen, groping with their hands for shell-fish on the shallows, rise up and shade their eyes to look at the unaccountable foreigner who has deserted the Piazza for the lagoon. You are safe from the peripatetic newsman who marks you for an English-speaking tourist and offers you the "Dallynooz," from the persistent bootblack, from the gondolier who insists that you must take his gondola, and from your Swiss hotel-keeper who besieges you with superfluous information while studying your face to ascertain just how large a bill you will bear.

Doubtless the Swiss is not to be blamed for hotel-keeping, for it is the fault of his government. When the Swiss Diet adopted the law by which every Swiss between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was compelled to serve as hotel-keeper—six years as active hotel-keeper and the rest of the time in the reserve—it became inevitable that the emigrating Swiss who had served his time on the active list should open a hotel in whatever town he might reside, since it was the only profession which he thoroughly knew. As is well known, there were certain exemptions under the law of compulsory hotel-keeping. The organ-grinding Swiss of the Tyrol who could prove

that he was the only support of a monkey, and the Genevan who volunteered to serve five years as a watch-maker, were exempted from hotel-keeping; but the vast majority of able-bodied Swiss were compelled to serve.

The result is that the Swiss, with his careful training, is the most formidable hotel-keeper in Europe. He swarms over northern Italy, and to the tourist of unlimited means, who finds fault neither with large bills nor with conversations of tonsorial fluency, he is not unwelcome. But he is more conspicuously out of place in Venice than anywhere else, and his sharp commercial face, his intolerable suavity, and his maddening bills, constructed with such scientific skill that they cannot be disputed, mar the moonlight and dim the sunshine of a Venetian summer.

Formerly three rivers, the Brenta, the Sile, and the Piave, emptied into the lagoon, but as the silt brought down by them threatened to destroy the channels, they were finally made to empty directly into the sea through artificial mouths. Like most of the rivers of Lombardy and Venetia, these three Venetian rivers differ from those of Tuscany for the reason that they contain water. Building rivers is or has been a favorite Tuscan industry, for the whole region is intersected with them. They are all of one pattern. In order to build a river the Tuscan throws up an embankment of, say, eighty feet wide at the base and thirty feet wide at the top, with the sides inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. In the upper part of this embankment is cut a trench, say fifteen feet wide and six feet deep, the bottom of which is sometimes strewn with gravel and large stones. This is the Tuscan's conception of a river, and he finds it very convenient as a line of demarcation between any two contiguous farms. Moreover, the Tuscan river would be very useful as a defence in case of a military invasion of the country. Cannon could be mounted on the top of it, and the trench would make an admirable rifle-pit. So strong is the average Tuscan river that it could be knocked to pieces only with the heaviest artillery. Indeed, I have little doubt that its original purpose was a military one. The only fault in its construction is that the trench is not protected from the rain, and in all probability would become at times unpleasantly muddy.

But the Venetian rivers are waterways, though the water carries with it an uncommon amount of earthy matter. The Sile and Piave have their mouths north of Venice, but until a few years since the Brenta, owing to the failure of the works constructed by the old Venetians, poured its water and mud directly into the southern lagoon near Chioggia, and bade fair to destroy the port and the fisheries of that curious old town. The question of the Brenta was for a time the one political question of Venice, and the Venetian Deputies were elected to Parliament for the one purpose of urging the government to save Chioggia from the Brenta. They were finally successful, and the Brenta was cut off from the lagoon, and Venetian politicians are now free to interest themselves in other matters.

To a certain extent these rivers and the canals connected with them are navigable. Gondolas from Venice can enter the Brenta by a lock at Fusina, and ascend as far as Padua, and small steam-boats ply between Venice and both the Sile and the Piave, passing from one river to the other by means of canals. Few people have any idea of the extent of the canal system of Venetia and Lombardy; but there is hardly an important city from Ravenna to Turin which could not be reached in a gondola from Venice.

I have spoken of the inlets that connect the lagoon with the open sea. There are at present five of these, those of Chioggia, Malamocco, Lido, St. Erasmo, and Tre Porti. Only the inlet of Malamocco is navigable for large vessels, but that of Lido is to be deepened so as to shorten the sea route for vessels trading between Venice and Trieste.

As the tide ebbs and flows through each of these inlets, it virtually divides the lagoon into four tidal basins. A boat starting from the extreme north of the lagoon might meet before reaching Chioggia with no less than eight distinct tides, for the flood or ebb which might be with it at the start would be against it on reaching the first inlet.

The tides of the Adriatic are very decided, in spite of the popular belief that the Mediterranean and its gulfs are tideless. With a fresh south wind the tide in Venice sometimes entirely submerges the pavement of the Piazza S. Marco, and the difference between high and low tide is sometimes nearly seven feet.

But enough of physical geography, which, being one of the least mendacious of sciences, does not, like geology, leave enough room to the imagination to enable us to make our facts fit nicely into our theories. There is, however, this redeeming feature as to the physical geography of the lagoon, that there are three distinct and irreconcilable theories as to the way in which the lagoon was formed, and doubtless room for several more.

Come with me in my light (hired) gondola to the northern lagoon. We must take with us food and drink, for neither is attainable north of Venice. Of course one cannot help wondering how in these circumstances the people of such populous towns as Murano and Burano manage to sustain life, but that is more their affair than ours. Certain it is that if the hungry tourist searches for food in the northern lagoon he will perish of hunger, unless he can eat raw sea-urchins, and sour bread that must be broken with an axe before teeth, even from the best American dentist's office, can make any impression on it.

We glide—gondolas always glide—through the narrow canals, past the Campo San Zanipolo, with its marvellous statue of Colleoni, and in another moment are in the open lagoon. Before us, on the right of the channel, rises a sombre brick wall and a beautiful little church. This, the first island on our way, is the last that awaits the Venetian, for it is the cemetery of the lagoon.

It is a rather damp resting-place, but the amphibious Venetian cares little for that. "Dust to water," instead of dust to dust, doubtless strikes him as more in keeping with the fitness of Venetian things. The church of the cemetery, S. Michele, is a picturesque building, and attached to it is a beautiful cloister, with an elaborately carved well-curb in the centre. In the Campo Santo the graves lie close together, and on many headstones is a fading photograph of the dead proprietor, protected by glass from the weather. Here lies Fra Paolo Sarpi, the dauntless monk that even Protestants can honor. Formerly the cemetery of S. Michele was smaller and much more picturesque than it is now, for of late years the island has been artificially doubled in size, and the vast extent of its brick wall is monotonous. But the growth of the graveyard marks the growth of the prosperity of Venice, for deaths keep pace with the growth of population.

We pass two little islets, one of which was formerly one of the innumerable Austrian forts, and its crumbling ramparts are still guarded by a solitary and sleepy sentinel, and then smoky Murano is before us.

Murano is a lesser but populous Venice. Its chief canal is bordered on each side by a *fondamento*, or quay, and crossed by bridges older and handsomer than most of the Venetian bridges. It was once the home of many Venetian aristocrats, and its palaces, though now dilapidated, are of the best Venetian architecture. Here was the convent where was housed, except during her frequent escapades, the beautiful nun of whom that amusing and cheerfully infamous scoundrel Casanova writes what a more decent scoundrel might have made a poetic idyl. At present there are no nuns, good or bad, in Murano. The people are, without exception, poverty-stricken, and they would probably starve quietly to death were they not encouraged by the thought that their neighbors of Burano are still poorer. Apparently the entire population of Murano, except the few men employed in the glass manufactory, are connected directly or remotely with fish. There are so many of them that it is unreasonable to suppose that they are all fishermen; but perhaps one half of them fishes at a time, and the other half watches the fishermen and gives them exasperating advice.

To the architectural or archæological eye the most attractive feature of Murano is the Church of S. Donato. It has been latterly restored, to the great wrath of those curious Englishmen who seem to think that any building that is especially beautiful ought to be allowed as soon as possible to fall into a shapeless heap of ruins. The best feature of the church is the exterior of the apse, though its chief treasure is a gigantic Byzantine Madonna in mosaic, dating from a remote century, and which, being particularly angular and generally hideous, is held by Ruskin to be unspeakably precious.

The great glass manufactory of Murano has succeeded in making the same exquisite glassware that in the Middle Ages was the pride of Venice. In deference, however, to the interests of the wine and spirit trade, the Murano glassworks do not manufacture that renowned species of Venetian glass which flew to pieces on contact with poison. Perhaps, however, this abstinence is due solely to the conviction on the part of the manufacturers that in a land where cheap wine, imported beer, and genuine French cognac are sold, there could be no possible sale for glass of the poison-detecting variety.

There is a strong current running through the grand canal of Murano; and I have found—a rather odd experience—that no matter when and in what direction one passes through Murano, the current is always against the gondola. This makes it necessary, a matter of ordinary humanity, to heed the suggestion of the gondolier, on our arrival at Burano, that he is literally perishing of thirst. He does not say that he wants wine, for that would be next door to begging, but he merely mentions his thirst as a curious and interesting scientific fact, and leaves it to your sense of propriety to act upon it.

Burano is fully six miles from Venice, and being more decayed and decrepit than either Venice or Murano, its towers lean further from the perpendicular. There is not, I think, a tower in all Venice—certainly not in any of its sister sea towns—that stands up straight. They all lounge, as it were with their hands in their pockets, and the Burano towers, wearied of the poverty and deadness of the place, are half inclined to give up all regard for ecclesiastical uprightness, and to lie down in despair.

For Burano is the most poverty-stricken town in Italy. Its canals are always crowded with aged and shabby gondolas and fishing-boats moored to the crumbling quays; but they are always empty, and apparently their owners lack the heart to loose them and try for hopeless fish. The inhabitants display a positive genius for rags, and they pass their days lying on the quays, and either sleeping or lisping the soft Buranese dialect, from which nearly all the consonants have been dropped. The beauty of the women is famous, even in Italy, where beautiful women seem arranged in zones; so that you will find a belt of, say, thirty miles wide populated by beautiful women, while on either side of it lie extensive zones of fearfully plain women.

Like many others of the lagoon towns, Burano has its own boat models. The Buranese gondola lacks the battle-axe that ornaments the prow of the Venetian gondola, and has in its place a projecting horizontal bar of steel terminating in a polished knob. The fishing-boats have the same ornament, and have also the peculiarity that the top of the stem-post is lower than the half-deck which covers the bow of the boat, so that the craft looks as if she would dive easily into a head-sea. On the other hand, the *topi* or "mice" of Chioggia have a decided sheer at the bow, and are much better sea boats than are the fishing-boats of Burano.

There is a school in Burano ostensibly for the manufacture of lace, and I am told by feminine amateurs of lace that the school does produce marvels of intricacy and yellowness. But its existence is fully justified, even in the mind of a tourist with a lace-buying family, by the extraordinary beauty of the fifty young girls whom it has assembled in its workshop. If your gondolier is young and handsome he will never let you leave Burano without escorting you to the lace school, where he will pose in a fascinating attitude, and "break to the girls the heart," as he will afterward explain to you if he is questioned on the subject.

We pass through Burano and skirt the northern shore of Mazzorbo. If Murano and Burano are given over to fish, Mazzorbo is wholly abandoned to vegetables. Once a flourishing city, the *Major Urbs* of the lagoon, it is now only an immense kitchen-garden, and contains only a ruined church tower, through which the Austrians sent a shell in 1849, and perhaps half a dozen scattered houses. Its canals are lined, not with masonry, but with sloping banks of green; and picturesque bits of ruined arches, and solitary marble columns lying half hidden in the luxuriant grass, show that Mazzorbo was once a city, though nature and cabbages have now reclaimed it.

Still further north our gondola floats, slowly now, for the tide, which was with us from Murano, has lost its power, and we are on the edge of the dead lagoon. We turn abruptly to the right, through a narrow canal with high grassy banks red with flaming poppies on either hand, and presently arrive at a little basin with a stone quay and a solitary bridge; the gondolier says, "Behold us at Torcello."

You have all read about Torcello in the *Stones of Venice*. How it was once a populous city, older even than Venice; how it is now a wilderness, with the exception of its ancient cathedral and the two or three houses grouped around the cathedral close; how it boasts a private bishop, and is not unsuspected of fever, and how it is altogether desolate and delightful.

And it is without doubt a fascinating place. Its inhabitants are perhaps half a dozen in number, and as they apparently never leave the cathedral square, one can stop his gondola fifty yards away, and climbing through the nearest hedge, lie in the green grass, with no other company than the sea-birds. Did you ever when a child creep into the village graveyard, on a warm October day, and sleep in the green soft hollow between two graves? If so, you will comprehend vaguely the perfect rest that you can find in a shady nook of Torcellan meadow.

We have not brought a guide-book with us to Torcello, and we can look at the cathedral and the baptistery, and climb the campanile, without being harassed with directions as to what to admire, or bombarded with dates and architectural dimensions. Our survey thus intelligently completed, we wake the gondolier and embark for San Francisco.

"San Francisco in Deserto" lies southeast of Torcello, and its beauties are unknown to guide-books, and rarely seen by any tourist. It is a lovely bit of green, with beautiful trees embowering its one building, a church of the Franciscan monks. Here St. Francis of Assisi once came to make a "retreat," and his admiring followers have fitted up a little dungeon in the wall of the church, and furnished it with a ghastly wax figure of the saint and with select discomforts, and exhibit it as the place where St. Francis fasted and prayed. Over the door of the convent is the inscription, "O Beato Solitudo, O Sola Beatitudine."

Doubtless this ascetic Latin opinion is shared by the one solitary monk who now remains to keep the church and convent from being wholly thronged with ghosts, and who at noon deals out soup to four unthinkably dilapidated beggars, who come from some unknown locality in a boat nearly as dilapidated as themselves. Around nearly the whole of the island is an earthen rampart, doubtless the work of the all-fortifying Austrians, on which large trees are growing, and from which one has a delicious view of Torcello, Burano, and the lagoon, and which seems made expressly as a place for poetic reverie and luncheon.

San Francisco, with its utter solitude and wild beauty of untrained nature, is the gem of the lagoon. Nothing is clearer than that it is the duty of a true fisherman who discovers a new trout stream to keep the knowledge of it a secret except from the few fishermen who are worthy to share it, and doubtless the same rule should apply to picturesque islands as yet unknown to Cook's tourists. If I have revealed the knowledge of San Francisco in Deserto to tourists who will picnic on its ramparts, and strew them with egg-shells and bits of newspaper, and profane them with empty bottles, my conscience will never cease to reproach me. But surely the reader is not of this tribe. When next he goes to Venice, if he visits San Francisco, he will respect its virgin purity, and will rise up on all convenient subsequent opportunities and call me particularly blessed.

The southern lagoon is even richer in islands than the northern. They are not the sites of cities like Murano and Burano, but they are for the most part, unlike Torcello or Mazzorbo, covered with bricks and mortar.

St. George, with its church and campanile, is familiar to every one, and is properly part and parcel of Venice. Further to the east, and close to the great ship channel leading to Malamocco, lies San Servolo, with its vast asylum for male lunatics. Still further to the eastward lies what is—now that Sant' Elena has been invaded by a manufactory of railway car wheels—the most picturesque of the southern islands, San Lazzaro. This island is the property of a convent of Armenian monks, and it is hence safe from the hand of the spoiler. It has its picturesque church and convent, its beautiful garden shaded by cypress-trees, and its dark arch, like a traitor's gate, where gondolas land their passengers.

Every tourist goes to San Lazzaro, ostensibly because Byron once lived there, and pretended to study the Armenian language. It need hardly be said that the monks who show the cell occupied by the noble *poseur* do not show any specimens of the Armenian exercises written by him. My own belief is that, with the possible exception of the Armenian alphabet, Byron never studied a particle of Armenian. He doubtless staid at the convent for a short time for the same reason that an Irish cook with a weakness for whiskey once informed me that she had resolved to spend a month at the almshouse, "so as I can get a bit ahead of meself, sir." Bromide of potassium being unknown as a remedy in Byron's day, he took the next best thing—a short seclusion in a convent where gin was unattainable. His desire to get ahead of himself was a commendable one, but he need not have concealed it under the particularly shallow pretence of studying Armenian. Even a sober man of hard-working habits would shrink from so gigantic a task as that of conquering Armenian.

From San Lazzaro one can by a rather circuitous route reach San Clemente, the home of the feminine lunatics of Venetia. Once this was an island nearly as attractive as San Francisco, but it has been greatly extended, and wholly covered with a vast stone building.

The modern practice of treating lunatics with kindness, instead of regarding them as wild beasts to be chained and beaten, is of Italian, and I am inclined to think of Venetian, origin. The asylum of San Clemente is, at any rate, an honor to Venetian intelligence and benevolence. It contains ordinarily six hundred lunatics. Of my own knowledge I can testify that they are admirably lodged, and cared for with the utmost devotion on the part of physicians and nurses. I have been through the kitchen, and know that the food which those poor people receive is far better than the most of them had ever known before entering the asylum.

There is a great deal of insanity in the province of Venetia, most of which is the result of the terrible disease known as the pellagra, and believed to be due to eating unwholesome Indian meal. The "desecration" of San Clemente can well be forgiven in view of the inestimable benefit that the asylum has been to thousands of poor women, and an equally good defence can be made of the "desecration" of Sant' Elena, of which sentimentalists have lately written with so much indignation.

Sant' Elena undoubtedly was the most beautiful island of the lagoon, and it is undoubtedly now the ugliest. But the workshops which now cover it give employment to hundreds of people who, without the employment thus afforded, would be starving. It is easy for Mr. Ruskin or Herr Gregorovius to insist that people should be left to starve in order that tourists may have their love of the picturesque gratified, but the Venetian workman can scarcely be expected to share this view.

From San Clemente a long detour to the south brings us past the grassy island of Poveglia, now a place of deposit for petroleum, and thence through a circuitous channel, gradually turning to the northwest, to St. George in the Sea-weed. It is now rather a melancholy place. Once its desolate beauty chimed well with its picturesque name, but now its church tower has been torn down, its church converted into a powder-magazine, and a sentinel sharply challenges any one who approaches too near the shore.

The voyage to Chioggia, the extreme southern limit of the lagoon, and distant nearly eighteen miles from Venice, must be made by steam-boat, since it is further than a gondolier will row if he is expected to return the same day. The steamer skirts the islands that separate the lagoon from the sea, touching at the villages of Alberoni, Palestina, and Malamocco, and crossing the inlets of Malamocco and Chioggia, through which sometimes there rolls a very respectable swell. Chioggia, like Murano, is a lesser Venice, but it has architectural features of its own, chief among which are streets of moderate width, with gloomy arcades like those of Bologna, under which one can walk without fear of the mid-day sun. It is traversed by one wide canal crowded with fishing-boats with fantastically colored and painted sails, and the Chioggioti men and women have their own picturesque costume, their own incomprehensible dialect, and their cherished traditional hatred of the Venetians.

W. L. Alden.

TRANQUILLITY.

I dreamed I was a shepherd; free of care
 I lay at noon beneath a spreading tree.
No sound was borne upon the hazy air
 Except the drowsy droning of a bee.

My sheep were resting in a woody nook
 Where glinting sunbeams o'er soft mosses played;
My dog was lapping water at a brook
 Along whose banks the grasses lightly swayed.

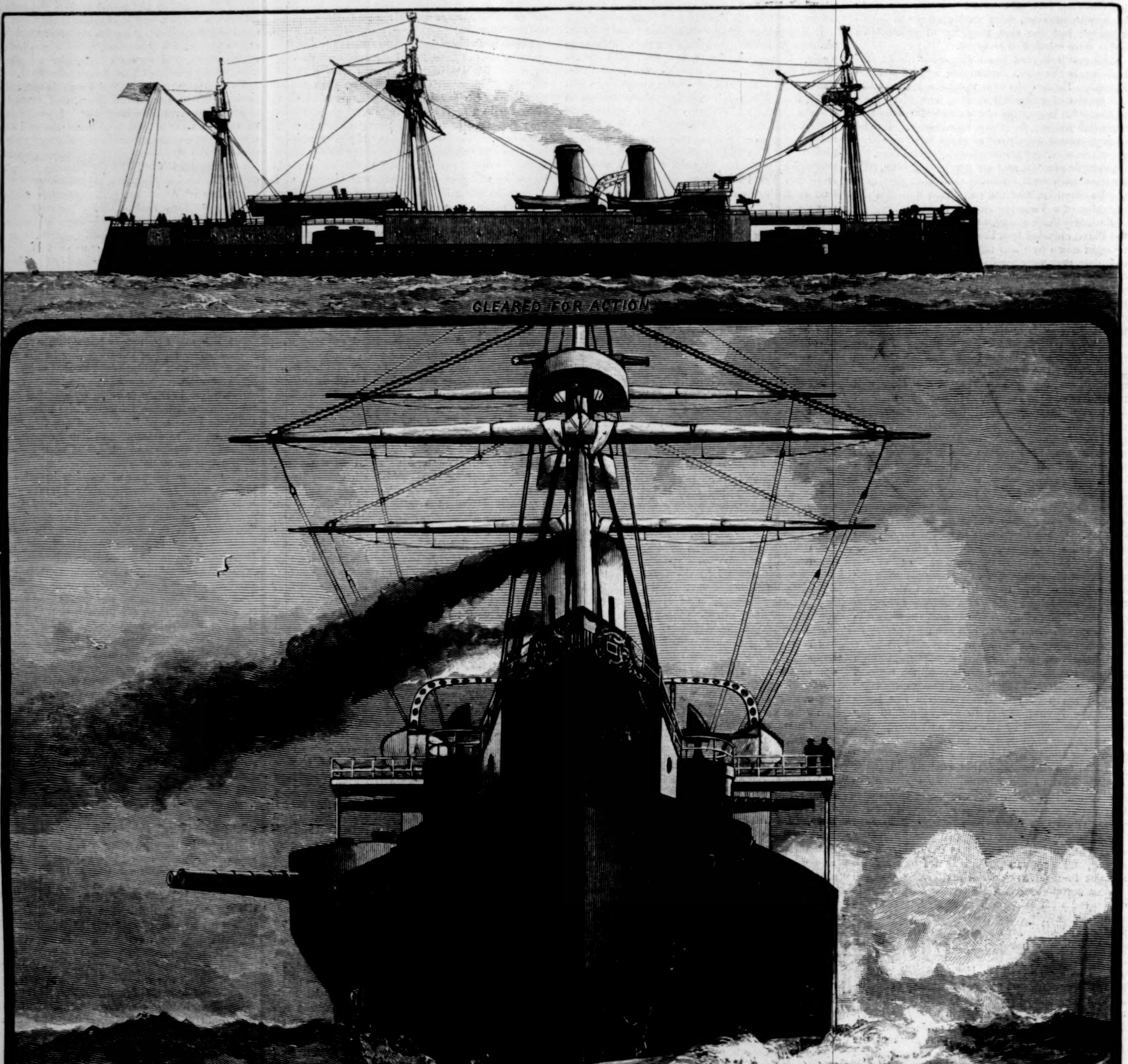
A blooming landscape through the valley spread—
 O'er which the south wind sighed an amorous tune—
A joyous, soft, alluring bridal bed,
 Bedecked for Spring and Summer's honey-moon.

I looked above me, and there burst in view
 Beyond the boughs a reach of placid sky—
A limpid, luminous, unruffled blue,
 Like some calm sea whereon the breezes die.

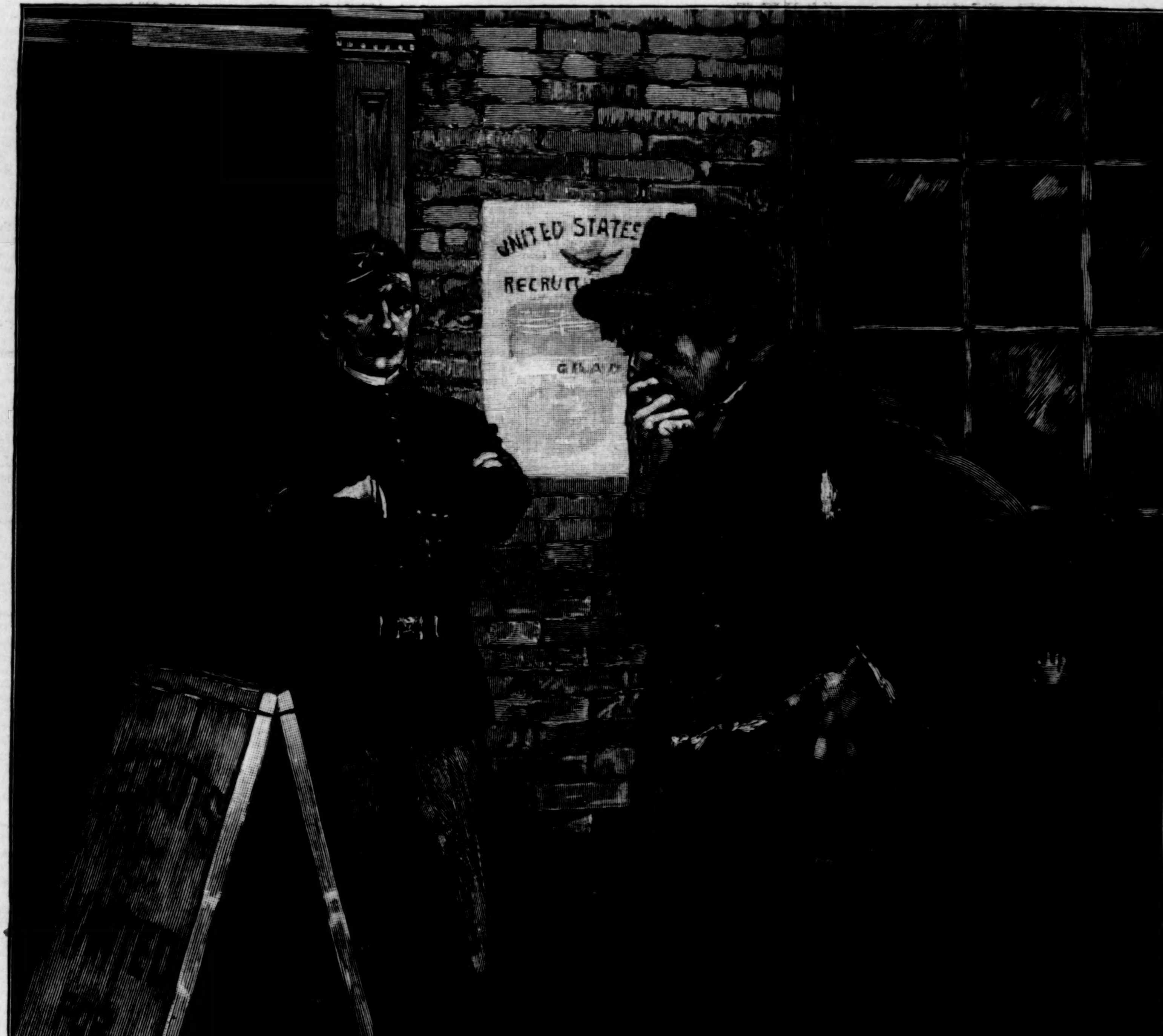
* * * * * * * *

I woke, still looking upward, and discerned
 Why peace had reigned supreme throughout my rest:
Mine eyes met hers—my face to hers upturned,
 I'd slumbered tranquilly upon her breast.

Gustav Kobbé.



THE NEW ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 378.]



"WILL HE ENLIST?"—Drawn by A. S. Daggy.—[See Page 378.]

THE CRUISER "MAINE."

The two most important vessels of our new navy are the armored ships *Maine* and *Texas*, now under construction in government yards, the former at Brooklyn and the latter at Norfolk. The act of August 3, 1886, which authorized them, calls for two sea-going, double-bottomed, armored vessels of about 6000 tons displacement, with a speed of at least 16 knots, the maximum cost of each, without guns, to be $2,500,000.

The type aimed at is that medium class of iron-clads represented by Brazil's *Riachuelo*, Russia's *Nachimoff*, England's *Impérieuse*, and China's *Ting Yuen*, which, avoiding the extreme size of a *Benbow* or an *Italia*, furnish at a moderate cost vessels effective in speed, armament, and armor. Secretary Whitney invited plans differing a little, and distinguished the two vessels as a cruiser and a battle-ship. Foreign designers, including the Thames and Barrow ship-building companies of England and Grandjean of France, competed with Lieutenant Chambers and others of our navy. The Barrow company won the $15,000 prize for the battle-ship design, on which the *Texas* is now building; but none of the competitive plans for the armored cruiser being quite acceptable, the Bureau design of Chief-Constructor Wilson, which could not compete for the prize, was chosen for the *Maine*.

This plan, based upon the famous *Riachuelo*, yet with all dimensions increased, and armor and guns heavier, called for a length between perpendiculars of 310 feet, a breadth of 57, a mean draught of 21½, and a displacement, with 400 tons of coal aboard, which is not quite half her capacity, of 6648 tons. The *Maine* will have two triple expansion engines of 8750 indicated horse-power, with boilers for forced draught, which are expected to give a speed of 17 knots. The steel armor on her belt, turrets, and oval breastworks is to be from 10½ to 11½ inches thick. Her main battery will consist of four 10-inch steel breech-loaders, two in each turret, and six 6-inch on central pivot mounts, with steel protecting shields two inches thick. As in the *Texas*, the turrets are *en échelon*, or on opposite sides of a line parallel to her keel, in order that all four of their guns can be fired directly ahead or astern, as well as through large arcs. The turrets are revolved to fixed loading positions, and the revolving machinery and hydraulic mechanism for loading and handling the guns are protected by 10½-inch steel breastworks. Of the 6-inch guns two are placed forward and two aft, with the other two on the central superstructure deck. The secondary battery includes twenty-five machine-guns, of which thirteen are revolving cannon, affording a good defence against torpedo-boat attacks. There are seven torpedo tubes on the vessel, besides two fast torpedo-boats.

Such is to be the *Maine*, a vessel which would be worthy of a place in the best modern navies. Of course she will have plenty of water-tight compartments in her steel hull, powerful electric lights, and complete pumping, drainage, and ventilating systems. The armor belt will extend from four feet above to three feet below the water-line, and far enough forward and aft to protect the machinery and magazines. She will have armored bulkheads, a steel deck, and a stem of steel, strengthened for ramming. She is bark rigged, spreading over 7000 square feet of canvas, and her foremast and mainmast have military tops, in which machine-guns are placed. In action she will be steered from a conning tower on the central deck, protected by ten inches of steel armor.

WILL HE ENLIST?

The serio-comic plays of Farquhar and Bickerstaff, of a former century, have cast an illusion over the actual incidents of to-day as far as relates to recruiting. The Sergeant Kite is of the past. Recruiting may, of course, have a certain amount of elasticity, and differ in its ways. When unfortunately it does happen that the demand for "food for powder" is in excess of the supply, such raw material as offers itself may be taken without much regard to quality. In times of peace, however, the United States is discriminating and critical in the choice of its soldiers. Inside of the recruiting station business is carried on in the most methodical manner, under the charge of an officer. The outward insignia of such a station are not marked. Generally there is a small flag, the staff of which protrudes from a window. There may be a sign on the street, as Mr. Daggy has sketched it. On the side of the house may be tacked a printed handbill stating in a brief, business-like way exactly what is wanted. Sometimes a soldier, perfect in *tenue*, with folded arms, may stand near the door as a kind of living sample of what is a well-to-do, comfortable, and contented man-at-arms.

If there are incidents of a more or less dramatic character, they happen outside. Mr. Daggy shows the man who is uncertain about serving his country. It may not be a matter of choice whether he will trail a firelock, flourish a sabre, or point a cannon. He may have the vaguest idea of the various branches of service. To be or not to be a soldier is the question of something to eat. It may have been that by the accident of fortune he has been shipwrecked. Perhaps for the marring of his life no one is to blame but himself. Shall he or shall he not make one of the 5000 soldiers the United States wants every year? Of certain facts this man may be assured. If he has the least reek of rum about him he will never be accepted. He will even be subjected to a great many questions, and if he fails giving clear and satisfactory answers his name will not be enrolled among his country's defenders. It will not do for him to indulge in subterfuges. Misfortune is not a man's fault, but crime and vice are, and the United States is careful in its endeavors to keep up the highest moral standard in its ranks. A man must tell, then, what has been his calling, where he hails from. If there are doubts, or the narrative is hazy, further inquiries are made. Family relationships are made the subject of questionings. The recruiting officer is not inquisitorial, but if he takes a man, he must know all about him. A man may be all right in a social sense, and be rejected for physical causes, and of these there are not less than forty-three bodily blemishes, any one of which would render acceptance impossible. A man may be too fat, or too thin. A stuttering man would be ineligible. How could he say quickly enough, "Who—goes—there?" or halt a man under five minutes? A deaf man, too, could not hear the word of command. There was a time when a man might not serve in the infantry because he could not bite off his cartridge. The United States wants both white and colored soldiers, and in New York the colored man is hard to get. From New York, however, comes between one-sixth and one-fifth of the total of recruits. There is a military term used in recruiting offices to designate that class of men who join the ranks, and they are known as "floaters." As to nationalities, from one-third to one-half of the recruits are native born; from one-fifth to one-fourth from the United Kingdom. Next come Germans, who make capital soldiers; French and Italians are not numerous; and Dutch as rare as Austrians. All professions are represented, and even sailors become soldiers. The limits of age are from sixteen to thirty-five, but minors cannot be taken without the consent of their parents. A married man is not wanted by the recruiting officer. Intemperance as a cause for rejection seems unfortunately to be very frequent.

The French have a saying that "every soldier carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton." The man who in Mr. Daggy's sketch eyes the sign "Recruits Wanted" is being looked over, without his knowing it, by the soldier. Perhaps that meditative regular appreciates the forlorn condition of the man. Has his miserable condition arisen from drink? If it has, the captain will certainly reject him. Perhaps it is a young fellow from the country who has had ambitious dreams, and found how little they were worth. It is, however, to be distinctly understood that the adoption of the calling of a soldier is not to be considered as "a last resort." It is because in public estimation the profession of arms is not held so high as it should be that the term of "a last resort" is applied to a recruiting office.

Of late years Brooklyn has been making rapid advancement in population and also in wealth. It is gratifying to notice that the enterprise and patriotism which have always characterized the citizens of the sister community are still noticeable features of Brooklyn city life. "City of Churches"—such has been the distinctive title long enjoyed by our neighbor. Rumor has had it that the title is no longer so appropriate as it once was, the population having largely outgrown the churches. If there is any truth in the rumor, evidence is not wanting that the tendency of the hour is in the direction of recovering lost ground. Church-building goes on apace.

In the present number of the Weekly we give five separate illustrations representing church edifices which have recently been or are about to be set up on the other side of the East River. Conspicuous among these is that magnificent structure, almost cathedral-like in its dimensions, to be known as the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine, work on which is about to be commenced. It is to occupy the fine site on Sixth Avenue and Sterling Place, looking toward the higher ground and the Park. When completed it will certainly be one of the most commanding as well as most attractive specimens of ecclesiastical architecture to be found anywhere on this continent. The frontage on Sixth Avenue will be 200 feet, and on Sterling Place 265 feet, making 465 feet in all. The buildings will cover one-third of an entire block. The style is that known as the earlier later English Gothic—a style which tends toward the ornate or decorated, and which allows elaborate treatment. As represented by the artist, there is grandeur in the whole, and much beauty in the separate parts. The perspective from the southeast presents a solid group, with the low entrance tower in front, and to the right the apsidal front of the nave with its fine buttressed windows, the grand tower with its elongated belfry, and low tiled spire surmounted by a huge cross, rising to the height of 150 feet; then the chapel, with its beautiful rose-window, and its light English windows underneath; and finally the parochial residence. Looking to the left from the same position the façade on Sterling Place is equally attractive. To the left of the corner tower the eye rests first on the three mullioned and richly foliated bay-windows of the nave, 14 feet by 6 feet, and then on the transept, 44 feet by 75 feet, with its one magnificent window, 16 feet by 35 feet, divided by mullions, transoms, and tracery into some fifty different lights. This window, it is claimed, will be the richest foliated window in all these regions. Beyond, and further to the left, we have the sacristy or cloister, and then the schools, each having special beauty of its own. A good effect is produced by the uniformity of the general elevation, and added grace is given to the entire structure by the *flèche*, which rises at the intersection of the nave and transept, and the *louvres* of which are to be used for ventilation—an architectural adornment not common in this country, but a feature of the finest cathedrals of northern France. The interior will be plain and without galleries. There will be three altars, the main one in the chancel, and one on each side, at the rear of the aisles. The organ will be placed in the corner over the entrance porch, and accommodations will be found for the choir over the northern entrance porch, under the great tower. The estimated cost of this pile of buildings is $800,000. Messrs. Parfitt, of Brooklyn, are the architects. St. Augustine's is a comparatively young organization, but it has had wonderful prosperity. The Rev. Edward W. McCarty is pastor.

Another elegant structure, already in course of construction, will soon adorn the same neighborhood. The First Reformed (Dutch) Church presents a fine appearance. When completed it will have few equals in the two cities. It is now over a year since the property on Joralemon Street was disposed of for $250,000, and since it was resolved to build on some suitable site a church edifice which, while it would be a worthy memorial of the old ecclesiastical corporation—the oldest in Brooklyn—would at the same time be an ornament to the city. Property was secured on Seventh Avenue, between Carroll and President streets, running from street to street, and back some 167 feet. Designs were prepared by Mr. G. L. Morse, of Brooklyn, and finally accepted. The building is a specimen of the early thirteenth-century Gothic. It fronts on Seventh Avenue, the façade extending over 100 feet, and runs back on Carroll Street the entire depth of the lot, 167 feet. The site is an admirable one, and the church will really be a commanding feature of that beautiful and rapidly growing part of the city. The building has some special and distinctive features. Under the one roof will be both church and chapel, the church in front, chapel in the rear, the aim of the architect being, through the unity of the structure, to secure massiveness. On the Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street corner a tower and spire, all of stone, will rise to the height of 212 feet. The northerly end of the Seventh Avenue front will terminate with a stone porch, with open arches large enough to admit carriages. The nave is marked by bold gables 40 feet in width, and rising to the height of 86 feet. The window surfaces are large, the transept windows being 21 feet in width and 44 feet in height, and the rose-window under the main gable in the front is 21 feet in diameter. These large surfaces will allow of the use of very richly colored glass. There will be seven wide doorways. The interior of the church will be very grand, as the pews of the auditorium will be of quartered oak and of antique finish. There will be no galleries, but in the amphitheatrical auditorium there will be seats for 1136 persons. In the chapel section there will be two floors, the upper floor providing accommodations for Sunday-school, Bible classes, and such like. The estimated cost of the building is about $200,000.

Marcy Avenue Baptist Church is another of the late additions. Marcy Avenue Church is an offshoot from Washington Avenue Baptist Church, and is only about sixteen years old. In that brief space the people have built and enlarged, and now a new home is provided in this elegant and spacious edifice, Marcy Avenue, corner of Putnam. The style, as will be seen, is Romanesque. Built of brick, square in form, 95 feet by 95, it occupies the whole front of the block bounded by Marcy and Putnam. The tower is graceful, and rises about 160 feet; the windows are numerous, and will admit of rich coloring; for egress and ingress abundant provision is made under both towers and on the sides. The general expression, however, does not compare favorably with the two churches already mentioned. The nave seems too low; and altogether, in spite of the spire and pinnacles, the building has a dumpy look. The church has a seating capacity of 1500. Adjoining the church building there is another structure, which is to be used for Sunday-school, lecture-parlor, reading-room, and other purposes. The interior of this building is so constructed that while it is capable of almost infinite subdivision, it can be converted into one grand hall with galleries, and capable of receiving 2500 persons. J. R. Thomas is the architect; Rev. W. C. P. Rhoades is pastor.

Emmanuel Baptist Church speaks for itself. It is really "a thing of beauty." Situated at the corner of Lafayette Avenue and St. James's Place, it is the distinguishing feature of a very beautiful neighborhood. The structure, as will be seen, is highly ornamental. The style is that which is known as French Gothic of the thirteenth century. The church building is square, 90 feet by 90; the material is white sandstone. The façade on Lafayette Avenue is as commanding as it is beautiful. The eye is arrested by the elegant porches, the mullioned window, and the two handsomely finished towers, the highest rising to the height of 200 feet. The side windows are also very attractive. Forming part of the general structure, but to the rear of the church edifice, is the chapel, fronting on St. James's Place, slightly different in style, and suggestive rather of the Romanesque. In the chapel building there is ample accommodation for Sunday-school, parlors, reading-room, and the other requirements. The entire depth from Lafayette Avenue, including the chapel, is 150 feet. The interior of Emmanuel is very beautiful. There is a gallery in front, and at both sides. In the rear of the pulpit platform is the baptistery, artfully and tastefully concealed, except when in use. The organ is in double form, and occupies both sides of the chancel. There is room for 1000 people. Mr. F. H. Kimball was the architect of the church, and Mr. E. L. Roberts was architect of the chapel. The building and property have already cost over $100,000. Rev. John Humpstone is pastor.

The remaining building, the Church of the Messiah, corner of Greene and Clermont Avenues, is not to be spoken of as one of the new churches. It is an old church with a new face. Originally built for the Presbyterians, it was a plain square edifice. It was secured by the Episcopalians in 1863. The Rev. Charles Baker, who has been in charge fifteen years, is the sixth rector. Under the present incumbent the church has had great prosperity. During the last two years many alterations have been made in the building. It has been elevated throughout, and the present front is entirely new. The style is Romanesque. The alterations and improvements were made from designs by R. H. Robertson, of New York. It is but rarely indeed that an old building takes on such a beautiful exterior. The tower is 180 feet high. The interior is very comfortable—galleries on both sides, and organ-loft with choir in front. In the rear there is parlor and class-room accommodation. The recent improvements cost over $30,000; but the Church of the Messiah is free from debt.

A RECONSTRUCTION OF HISTORY.

In this age so full of literary sensations none has awakened deeper surprise and concern in the circles of the thoughtful than has the attack upon modern principles that more or less directly connects itself with the theories propounded in Janssen's *History of the German People since the Close of the Middle Ages*. This series of historical works, of which the fifth volume appeared a few months ago, undertakes a reconstruction of the Reformation history in the interests of traditionalism as represented by Roman Catholicism. His central thesis is that the great movement of thought in the sixteenth century out of which have sprung the leading principles controlling modern society in all of its ramifications was in reality not a step forward, but a step backward; was, indeed, the greatest misfortune that ever befell Europe and European civilization. The historical problem with which Janssen deals is accordingly not an ecclesiastical one exclusively, but is such primarily only because it was in church life that the beginnings of the ideals that control modern life first exhibited themselves. In reality it is an appeal to history against these ideals and principles, with the verdict that they were conceived and born in sin, and that they are the source and fountain-head of all the ills that afflict church, state, and society. The *Germania* of Berlin, the leading Catholic organ of Germany, put it recently in this shape: "The Reformation was the most flagrant, the most radical, and most wicked revolution that the world ever saw. It was a revolution in the ecclesiastical, religious, moral, political, social, economic, scientific, and historical world."

Were this impeachment of all that is valued as the special progress of modern over mediæval life merely the outbreak of spasmodic fanaticism, it might be allowed to go without notice, and like any other sensation to have its day. But evidences abound to show that this is not the case. The charges are put forth in the name of fair and honest research; the practical application of the hypothesis to the solution of the churchly, social, and political questions of the day is made with aggressive confidence, and a return to the walks and ways from which modern thought is so wide a departure is proclaimed as the panacea for all the misfortunes of the generation; the new gospel enjoys so wonderful a propaganda that Janssen's history is sold literally by the tens of thousands, and of the last volume the first edition was twelve thousand copies, while through books, pamphlets, almanacs, and especially fiction of all kinds the underlying ideas of this whole movement of thought are being popularized and spread, particularly among the Roman Catholics of central Europe.

It would, further, be a singular and superficial misconception of the whole agitation to regard it as only of local importance, or to consider it merely as a new phase of the doctrinal controversies between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It is a contest of principles, and to all intents and purposes a declaration that the ideals, aims, and methods of thought and work which now control the life of nations, and which are the legitimate outcome of the germs and seeds that first came forth in the ever memorable days of the Reformation, have an ancestry and pedigree of evil, and as such have been able to bring forth only evil.

Naturally the reader will be anxious to know by what peculiar method and with what new materials Janssen operates in the construction of a historical scheme that stands in so radical a contrast to the classical accounts of that period furnished by such leading historians as Ranke and Gregorovius. This is all the more interesting because, as is reported, the author, who is now merely a gymnasium professor in Frankfort-on-the-Main, is to be one of the attractions of the new Catholic University at Washington. Ger-

man specialists have with microscopic exactness dissected the work of Janssen, and the result of their examinations is interesting in the extreme. He is a man of wonderful diligence and shrewdness; he has ransacked the sources of information for the period under consideration with remarkable completeness, and the materials which he employs are all correct and found in these sources. Indeed none of his critics have charged him with having manufactured historical evidences. The citations he makes in almost endless numbers are all taken from good sources. But when he begins to use these for his purposes, his unfair and tricky spirit is allowed full sway. He employs his tools not as a historian, but as a partisan. He takes whatever information happens to suit to his conception of what the history of this period ought to be, and passes over in eloquent silence whatever does not agree with his scheme; he takes great delight in turning out of their connection certain citations, and making them say what they originally were not intended to convey, thus practising eisegesis instead of exegesis; he brings citations together to corroborate each other's statements which internally do not and never had anything to do with each other; he violates the accepted canons of historiography by assigning a decisive voice to discreditable witnesses: in short, his use, or rather abuse, of perfectly legitimate historical sources is such that the result of his labors is a veritable caricature of the actual course of events. Indeed so transparent is the "method in his madness," and his manner of reconstructing history from a subjective stand-point, that a shrewd German critic, after the appearance of the third volume of the work, predicted in detail what the specific charges against Protestantism and the modern world in the fourth would be. Being thoroughly at home in the sources of that period, he knew what data Janssen would use, and how he would use them. When the volume in question appeared, some months later, it turned out that the prophet had predicted aright.

The spirit and method of Janssen's volumes are representative in their character. Germany has always been the land in which Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, not as two dogmatic systems, but as the embodiments of the principles guiding and controlling the lives of individuals and of nations, have contended with each other for mastery upon better terms of equality and on their merits alone, without outward prop or support, than in any other country. Just now, owing to a great extent to the moral victory gained by the Catholics in the *Kulturkampf*, these are aggressive and anxious to enter the contest with Protestantism for the supremacy in the hearts and minds of the people. What the method of warfare is which this Catholicism, now no longer the mild type that prevailed in the early half of this century, but the type produced by the Syllabus, Vaticanism, and Ultramontanism, is best illustrated by the work of Janssen. Just forty years ago the now venerable Munich Old Catholic, Döllinger, undertook to discredit Protestant principles in the name of candid history; but he failed to find applause or supporters even in his own communion. Janssen's attempt, undertaken with less learning and candor, is heralded as the beginning of a new era in historiography. The lesson of this contrast is instructive.

It would, however, be unfair to claim that Janssen's work and the applications made by his friends of his views to the problems of the life of our day have been without profit to scholarship or practical thought. They have succeeded in bringing out into bold relief the weaknesses of the aims and ideals underlying modern life, and in that way have at least negatively prepared the way to understand the real status of modern problems, and thus to find a way to solve them. But in so far as their schemes are positive in character, it is more than doubtful if they have much of virtue in them, and if they can make anything like a permanent impression on the onward course of events that in origin and character are so thoroughly antagonistic to the new wisdom.

THE RACQUET CLUB'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR AMATEUR BILLIARDS.

Mr. Isaac Townsend, the President of the New York Racquet Club, has had made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company a silver cup, for presentation to the winner in an amateur billiard contest between members of the club. The cup was awarded on Monday, the 14th inst., and the prize is to be held by the winner in three successive contests, the intention being that the cup shall be to the amateur billiard club what the *America's* cup is to the yacht clubs of England and this country—a trophy forever awarded, and forever awarding. The design for the cup has been executed by Mr. Charles Osborne, who is without question the most successful, as he is the most interesting, worker in this difficult field that we have among us. He has chosen for the base of his design the lines and masses of the so-called Rococo style, a style that grew to perfection in the time of Louis XV., and is therefore often called by his name. It is a style that of late has regained something of its old ascendency in Europe, particularly in Vienna and Munich, and in spite of criticism it deserves to be cultivated on account of the beauty of its lines; besides that, it is a most fortunate example of adaptation by one people of the decorative motives of another and very different race. The origin of the Rococo is distinctively Japanese; it sprang into existence immediately on the introduction of Japanese objects into Holland, which found their way into France through that country, and soon spread thence all over Europe. It is no doubt the gracefulness of these lines, coupled with a certain unexpectedness in

their resultant curves and stops, that have drawn the mind of so acute an observer as Charles Osborne to the style, as peculiarly appropriate to a trophy to be contended for in a game of billiards, where the beauty and sweep of the lines marked by the balls are what constitute the æsthetic charm of the contest. It is in such a selection that the designer shows his fitness for his vocation; and although Mr. Osborne has made many successful cups, there is a charm about the design for the present one that distinguishes it above all the others. The cup stands thirty inches high with its pedestal of ebonized wood. It is of sterling silver, and in general form is a pitcher with a handle but without a cover. The adjustment of the handle to the body is managed with such felicity that it belongs as naturally to the cup as the stem of a gourd does to the gourd, and all the curves of the angles and of the panels seem to break out into free play in the wilder movements of the handle. The form of the pitcher is four-sided, with two broad and two narrow divisions. On one of the broader sides is an admirably modelled figure of Fortune with delicate wings and a light scarf blown about her, standing balanced on a ball. This is, to our thinking, a very pretty application of an old symbol, and the way in which it is carried out does the designer credit. On the other of the two broader sides a panel is described by certain flowing lines in which an inscription is to be engraved, and room is left for the winners' names as they shall follow in the course of years. Some portions of the work are chased and others mounted, and the execution of the whole does the highest honor to American artists and American artisans.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Among the "favorite sons" who have been presented by Republican State Conventions as fit candidates for the Presidency in the coming canvass is ex-Governor Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, who appears to enjoy exceptional popularity in his own State. He is a good specimen of the energetic and enterprising citizen of the West, of sturdy New England origin, who has made his way through poverty and hardship to success and prosperity. His ancestors for many generations were natives of New England, and his father was born in Connecticut, his mother, whose name was Moulton, being a native of Vermont. In 1835 the family moved into the wilderness of northern Ohio, and settled in Lafayette Township, Medina County, where the elder Alger bought a tract of lumber land and cleared himself a farm. There the future General and Governor was born on the 27th of February, 1836. After several years of hard work the sturdy pioneer from Connecticut lost his farm and improvements by the foreclosure of a mortgage, and soon after sickened and died, leaving his family in pinching poverty. The mother and an elder sister died about the same time, and young Alger was left, at the age of thirteen, without a dollar in the world, and with a younger sister and brother as dependent as himself. He recalls that during the illness of his parents he often worked for the neighbors for a few cupfuls of flour or a sixpence in money per day. Finding places for his brother and sister, he went to work for his board and clothes and three months' schooling per year, and afterward for small monthly wages as a farm hand. He contrived to spend several terms at Richfield Academy, working for his board and washing while at school. Thus alternating hard labor during the farming season with school work in the winter, he was able in the winter of 1856-7 to obtain a position as teacher of a district school, where he "boarded around." Out of his earnings during this period he was able to do something for his brother and sister, and prepare himself to enter a law office in Akron in the spring of 1857. After studying there two years he was admitted to the bar, and went to Cleveland to enter upon his profession; but overwork and confinement in-doors had impaired his health, and on the last day of 1860 he set out for Michigan, and with a little borrowed capital joined with a friend in the lumber business at Grand Rapids. By the failure of a Chicago firm to which their lumber was shipped the two friends lost all they had in the spring of 1861, young Alger having just married a Miss Annette H. Henry.

The breaking out of the civil war opened a new opportunity for the young man whose business prospects were so suddenly blighted, and in August, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and was soon after made Captain of Company C. Another Captain in the same regiment was Philip H. Sheridan, and on the promotion of its Colonel, Gordon Granger, Alger was sent by the latter to Pittsburgh Landing to induce Governor Blair to appoint Sheridan, the acting Commissary on General Halleck's staff, to the vacant Colonelcy. This he successfully accomplished, May 25, 1862, riding sixty miles on his mission, and carrying Sheridan's appointment, written on a half-sheet of note-paper by Governor Blair, to Halleck's head-quarters the next morning. This was the beginning of Sheridan's rapid advance in the army. Alger served under him at the battle of Booneville, Missouri, and was wounded and taken prisoner, escaping the same day. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry October, 1862, and Colonel of the Fifth, February, 1863. He continued in the military service throughout the war, serving successfully under Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Custer, and again Sheridan, in the Army of the Potomac in 1864. He is said to have been in more than sixty battles and minor engagements, always displaying undaunted gallantry. He was seriously wounded at Boonesborough, Maryland, July 8, 1863, after passing safely through the battle of Gettysburg. In the winter following he was recommended to President Lincoln for certain special and confidential service, during which he visited nearly all the armies in the field. In 1864 he was made Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious service at Treville Station, and June 11, 1865, Brevet Major-General, "for gallant and meritorious service during the war."

On retiring from the army, General Alger returned to Michigan, and engaged in the lumber business at Detroit. He was a pioneer in the use of railroads for getting logs out of the forests, and rapidly built up a very extensive business. With increase of wealth and business connections, he gradually acquired an interest in various business enterprises, not only in Michigan, but in several other States and Territories. It is said of him that during his business career of more than twenty years, while having thousands of men in his employ, he has never had a strike or any kind of difficulty with his workmen, and has never sued or been sued in the course of his vast business operations. Though an ardent Republican, he never took an active part in politics until 1884, and the Governorship of Michigan for a single term is the only civil office he has held. In 1882 by a coalition with the greenbackers the Democrats elected a Governor of Michigan for the first time in thirty years. In 1884 Governor Begol was renominated, with the same combination behind him, and General Alger consented to take the Republican nomination in the hope of redeeming the State. He threw himself into the canvass with characteristic energy and skill in management, and was triumphantly elected, receiving the largest Republican vote ever cast in Michigan. His administration was characterized by business methods, strict integrity, and faithful devotion to the interests of the State. He peremptorily declined a renomination, and on retiring from office submitted a parting message to the Legislature which has been praised as the ablest public document ever produced in the State of Michigan.

Governor Alger is described as a man of wide information, vigorous mind, positive and outspoken opinions, but affable and popular with all with whom he comes in contact. He has had five sons and four daughters, of whom three sons and three daughters are living. His home life and family relations are said to be of the pleasantest kind in all respects, and he is foremost in the benevolent enterprises of Detroit and liberal in private charities. He is an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and looked up to with pride and admiration by his fellow-citizens. It is claimed for him that his relations have been friendly with the conspicuous leaders of his party, without regard to their differences with each other, being intimate alike with General Grant, Mr. Blaine, and General Logan, and that his candidacy would excite no antagonisms, while it would command general confidence on account of his high personal character, his brilliant military record, his large business experience, and the statesman-like qualities displayed during his single term as Governor of Michigan. The State Convention presented him with enthusiasm as a candidate for the Presidency, and the twenty-six delegates of his State are pledged to his hearty support in the National Convention at Chicago.

DE R'YAL BLOOD.

Don' yo' say white face to me, gal,
Yo' wid yo' kinky har!
But jes git down in de bery dust,
An' fin' yo' likeness dar.

Jim's dark, I 'lows, 'n' Jack am white,
'N' a shady white at dat,
But I rether yo'd marry dat nigger Jim,
Ef he's brack as yer daddy's hat.

Fo' de blood in him is de r'yal blood,
Come fust from a r'yal king—
Come fust from de hand ob de mighty Lord
What done make ebryting.

Don' yo' eber read yo' Bible, gal?
De story ob Cain am a fact;
An' de Lor' A'mighty turn him white
Becase ob his wicked act.

For den de brack wor de r'yal blood,
Rich wid de Maker's bref;
But dey's bleached fer generations down,
Till dey's reached de color ob death.

So don' yo' go fer to marry Jack—
He'm mixed, 'n' he ain't no good;
'Tween bof de races he hev to stan',
Like a stick o' m'hog'ny-wood:

Too proud fer one, wid his monkey tricks,
De oder's too proud fer he;
But Jim he come ob de nateral stock,
Jes a fus-class ebony-tree.

Now, gal, ef yo' graf's a yaller rose
On de stalk ob a lily bud,
'Tain't one ting nor t'other, but jes a mistake:
Yo' stick to de r'yal blood.

Mary A. Denison.

AN INTERRUPTED SIESTA.

THE CRUISER "MAINE."

The two most important vessels of our new navy are the armored ships *Maine* and *Texas*, now under construction in government yards, the former at Brooklyn and the latter at Norfolk. The act of August 3, 1886, which authorized them, calls for two sea-going, double-bottomed, armored vessels of about 6000 tons displacement, with a speed of at least 16 knots, the maximum cost of each, without guns, to be $2,500,000.

The type aimed at is that medium class of ironclads represented by Brazil's *Riachuelo*, Russia's *Nachimoff*, England's *Impérieuse*, and China's *Ting Yuen*, which, avoiding the extreme size of a *Benbow* or an *Italia*, furnish at a moderate cost vessels effective in speed, armament, and armor. Secretary Whitney invited plans differing a little, and distinguished the two vessels as a cruiser and a battle-ship. Foreign designers, including the Thames and Barrow ship-building companies of England and Grandjean of France, competed with Lieutenant Chambers and others of our navy. The Barrow company won the $15,000 prize for the battle-ship design, on which the *Texas* is now building; but none of the competitive plans for the armored cruiser being quite acceptable, the Bureau design of Chief-Constructor Wilson, which could not compete for the prize, was chosen for the *Maine*.

This plan, based upon the famous *Riachuelo*, yet with all dimensions increased, and armor and guns heavier, called for a length between perpendiculars of 310 feet, a breadth of 57, a mean draught of 21½, and a displacement, with 400 tons of coal aboard, which is not quite half her capacity, of 6648 tons. The *Maine* will have two triple expansion engines of 8750 indicated horsepower, with boilers for forced draught, which are expected to give a speed of 17 knots. The steel armor on her belt, turrets, and oval breastworks is to be from 10½ to 11½ inches thick. Her main battery will consist of four 10-inch steel breechloaders, two in each turret, and six 6-inch on central pivot mounts, with steel protecting shields two inches thick. As in the *Texas*, the turrets are *en échelon*, or on opposite sides of a line parallel to her keel, in order that all four of their guns can be fired directly ahead or astern, as well as through large arcs. The turrets are revolved to fixed loading positions, and the revolving machinery and hydraulic mechanism for loading and handling the guns are protected by 10½-inch steel breastworks. Of the 6-inch guns two are placed forward and two aft, with the other two on the central superstructure deck. The secondary battery includes twenty-five machine-guns, of which thirteen are revolving cannon, affording a good defence against torpedo-boat attacks. There are seven torpedo tubes on the vessel, besides two fast torpedo-boats.

Such is to be the *Maine*, a vessel which would be worthy of a place in the best modern navies. Of course she will have plenty of water-tight compartments in her steel hull, powerful electric lights, and complete pumping, drainage, and ventilating systems. The armor belt will extend from four feet above to three feet below the water-line, and far enough forward and aft to protect the machinery and magazines. She will have armored bulkheads, a steel deck, and a stem of steel, strengthened for ramming. She is bark rigged, spreading over 7000 square feet of canvas, and her foremast and mainmast have military tops, in which machine-guns are placed. In action she will be steered from a conning tower on the central deck, protected by ten inches of steel armor.

WILL HE ENLIST?

The serio-comic plays of Farquhar and Bickerstaff, of a former century, have cast an illusion over the actual incidents of to-day as far as relates to recruiting. The Sergeant Kite is of the past. Recruiting may, of course, have a certain amount of elasticity, and differ in its ways. When unfortunately it does happen that the demand for "food for powder" is in excess of the supply, such raw material as offers itself may be taken without much regard to quality. In times of peace, however, the United States is discriminating and critical in the choice of its soldiers. Inside of the recruiting station business is carried on in the most methodical manner, under the charge of an officer. The outward insignia of such a station are not marked. Generally there is a small flag, the staff of which protrudes from a window. There may be a sign on the street, as Mr. Daggy has sketched it. On the side of the house may be tacked a printed handbill stating in a brief, business-like way exactly what is wanted. Sometimes a soldier, perfect in *tenue*, with folded arms, may stand near the door as a kind of living sample of what is a well-to-do, comfortable, and contented man-at-arms.

If there are incidents of a more or less dramatic character, they happen outside. Mr. Daggy shows the man who is uncertain about serving his country. It may not be a matter of choice whether he will trail a firelock, flourish a sabre, or point a cannon. He may have the vaguest idea of the various branches of service. To be or not to be a soldier is the question of something to eat. It may have been that by the accident of fortune he has been shipwrecked. Perhaps for the marring of his life no one is to blame but himself. Shall he or shall he not make one of the 5000 soldiers the United States wants every year? Of certain facts this man may be assured. If he has the least reek of rum about him he will never be accepted. He will even be subjected to a great many questions, and if he fails giving clear and satisfactory answers his name will not be enrolled among his country's defenders. It will not do for him to indulge in subterfuges. Misfortune is not a man's fault, but crime and vice are, and the United States is careful in its endeavors to keep up the highest moral standard in its ranks. A man must tell, then, what has been his calling, where he hails from. If there are doubts, or the narrative is hazy, further inquiries are made. Family relationships are made the subject of questionings. The recruiting officer is not inquisitorial, but if he takes a man, he must know all about him. A man may be all right in a social sense, and be rejected for physical causes, and of these there are not less than forty-three bodily blemishes, any one of which would render acceptance impossible. A man may be too fat, or too thin. A stuttering man would be ineligible. How could he say quickly enough, "Who—goes—there?" or halt a man under five minutes? A deaf man, too, could not hear the word of command. There was a time when a man might not serve in the infantry because he could not bite off his cartridge. The United States wants both white and colored soldiers, and in New York the colored man is hard to get. From New York, however, comes between one-sixth and one-fifth of the total of recruits. There is a military term used in recruiting offices to designate that class of men who join the ranks, and they are known as "floaters." As to nationalities, from one-third to one-half of the recruits are native born; from one-fifth to one-fourth from the United Kingdom. Next come Germans, who make capital soldiers; French and Italians are not numerous; and Dutch as rare as Austrians. All professions are represented, and even sailors become soldiers. The limits of age are from sixteen to thirty-five, but minors cannot be taken without the consent of their parents. A married man is not wanted by the recruiting officer. Intemperance as a cause for rejection seems unfortunately to be very frequent.

The French have a saying that "every soldier carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton." The man who in Mr. Daggy's sketch eyes the sign "Recruits Wanted" is being looked over, without his knowing it, by the soldier. Perhaps that meditative regular appreciates the forlorn condition of the man. Has his miserable condition arisen from drink? If it has, the captain will certainly reject him. Perhaps it is a young fellow from the country who has had ambitious dreams, and found how little they were worth. It is, however, to be distinctly understood that the adoption of the calling of a soldier is not to be considered as "a last resort." It is because in public estimation the profession of arms is not held so high as it should be that the term of "a last resort" is applied to a recruiting office.

Of late years Brooklyn has been making rapid advancement in population and also in wealth. It is gratifying to notice that the enterprise and patriotism which have always characterized the citizens of the sister community are still noticeable features of Brooklyn city life. "City of Churches"—such has been the distinctive title long enjoyed by our neighbor. Rumor has had it that the title is no longer so appropriate as it once was, the population having largely outgrown the churches. If there is any truth in the rumor, evidence is not wanting that the tendency of the hour is in the direction of recovering lost ground. Church-building goes on apace.

In the present number of the Weekly we give five separate illustrations representing church edifices which have recently been or are about to be set up on the other side of the East River. Conspicuous among these is that magnificent structure, almost cathedral-like in its dimensions, to be known as the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine, work on which is about to be commenced. It is to occupy the fine site on Sixth Avenue and Sterling Place, looking toward the higher ground and the Park. When completed it will certainly be one of the most commanding as well as most attractive specimens of ecclesiastical architecture to be found anywhere on this continent. The frontage on Sixth Avenue will be 200 feet, and on Sterling Place 265 feet, making 465 feet in all. The buildings will cover one-third of an entire block. The style is that known as the earlier later English Gothic—a style which tends toward the ornate or decorated, and which allows elaborate treatment. As represented by the artist, there is grandeur in the whole, and much beauty in the separate parts. The perspective from the southeast presents a solid group, with the low entrance tower in front, and to the right the apsidal front of the nave with its fine buttressed windows, the grand tower with its elongated belfry, and low tiled spire surmounted by a huge cross, rising to the height of 150 feet; then the chapel, with its beautiful rose-window, and its light English windows underneath; and finally the parochial residence. Looking to the left from the same position the façade on Sterling Place is equally attractive. To the left of the corner tower the eye rests first on the three mullioned and richly foliated bay-windows of the nave, 14 feet by 6 feet, and then on the transept, 44 feet by 75 feet, with its one magnificent window, 16 feet by 35 feet, divided by mullions, transoms, and tracery into some fifty different lights. This window, it is claimed, will be the richest foliated window in all these regions. Beyond, and further to the left, we have the sacristy or cloister, and then the schools, each having special beauty of its own. A good effect is produced by the uniformity of the general elevation, and added grace is given to the entire structure by the *flèche*, which rises at the intersection of the nave and transept, and the *louvres* of which are to be used for ventilation—an architectural adornment not common in this country, but a feature of the finest cathedrals of northern France. The interior will be plain and without galleries. There will be three altars, the main one in the chancel, and one on each side, at the rear of the aisles. The organ will be placed in the corner over the entrance porch, and accommodations will be found for the choir over the northern entrance porch, under the great tower. The estimated cost of this pile of buildings is $300,000. Messrs. Parfitt, of Brooklyn, are the architects. St. Augustine's is a comparatively young organization, but it has had wonderful prosperity. The Rev. Edward W. McCarty is pastor.

Another elegant structure, already in course of construction, will soon adorn the same neighborhood. The First Reformed (Dutch) Church presents a fine appearance. When completed it will have few equals in the two cities. It is now over a year since the property on Joralemon Street was disposed of for $250,000, and since it was resolved to build on some suitable site a church edifice which, while it would be a worthy memorial of the old ecclesiastical corporation—the oldest in Brooklyn—would at the same time be an ornament to the city. Property was secured on Seventh Avenue, between Carroll and President streets, running from street to street, and back some 167 feet. Designs were prepared by Mr. G. L. Morse, of Brooklyn, and finally accepted. The building is a specimen of the early thirteenth-century Gothic. It fronts on Seventh Avenue, the façade extending over 100 feet, and runs back on Carroll Street the entire depth of the lot, 167 feet. The site is an admirable one, and the church will really be a commanding feature of that beautiful and rapidly growing part of the city. The building has some special and distinctive features. Under the one roof will be both church and chapel, the church in front, chapel in the rear, the aim of the architect being, through the unity of the structure, to secure massiveness. On the Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street corner a tower and spire, all of stone, will rise to the height of 212 feet. The northerly end of the Seventh Avenue front will terminate with a stone porch, with open arches large enough to admit carriages. The nave is marked by bold gables 40 feet in width, and rising to the height of 86 feet. The window surfaces are large, the transept windows being 21 feet in width and 44 feet in height, and the rose-window under the main gable in the front is 21 feet in diameter. These large surfaces will allow of the use of very richly colored glass. There will be seven wide doorways. The interior of the church will be very grand, as the pews of the auditorium will be of quartered oak and of antique finish. There will be no galleries, but in the amphitheatrical auditorium there will be seats for 1136 persons. In the chapel section there will be two floors, the upper floor providing accommodations for Sunday-school, Bible classes, and such like. The estimated cost of the building is about $200,000.

Marcy Avenue Baptist Church is another of the late additions. Marcy Avenue Church is an offshoot from Washington Avenue Baptist Church, and is only about sixteen years old. In that brief space the people have built and enlarged, and now a new home is provided in this elegant and spacious edifice, Marcy Avenue, corner of Putnam. The style, as will be seen, is Romanesque. Built of brick, square in form, 95 feet by 95, it occupies the whole front of the block bounded by Marcy and Putnam. The tower is graceful, and rises about 160 feet; the windows are numerous, and will admit of rich coloring; for egress and ingress abundant provision is made under both towers and on the sides. The general expression, however, does not compare favorably with the two churches already mentioned. The nave seems too low; and altogether, in spite of the spire and pinnacles, the building has a dumpy look. The church has a seating capacity of 1500. Adjoining the church building there is another structure, which is to be used for Sunday-school, lecture-parlor, reading-room, and other purposes. The interior of this building is so constructed that while it is capable of almost infinite subdivision, it can be converted into one grand hall with galleries, and capable of receiving 2500 persons. J. R. Thomas is the architect; Rev. W. C. P. Rhoades is pastor.

Emmanuel Baptist Church speaks for itself. It is really "a thing of beauty." Situated at the corner of Lafayette Avenue and St. James's Place, it is the distinguishing feature of a very beautiful neighborhood. The structure, as will be seen, is highly ornamental. The style is that which is known as French Gothic of the thirteenth century. The church building is square, 90 feet by 90; the material is white sandstone. The façade on Lafayette Avenue is as commanding as it is beautiful. The eye is arrested by the elegant porches, the mullioned window, and the two handsomely finished towers, the highest rising to the height of 200 feet. The side windows are also very attractive. Forming part of the general structure, but to the rear of the church edifice, is the chapel, fronting on St. James's Place, slightly different in style, and suggestive rather of the Romanesque. In the chapel building there is ample accommodation for Sunday-school, parlors, reading-room, and the other requirements. The entire depth from Lafayette Avenue, including the chapel, is 150 feet. The interior of Emmanuel is very beautiful. There is a gallery in front, and at both sides. In the rear of the pulpit platform is the baptistery, artfully and tastefully concealed, except when in use. The organ is in double form, and occupies both sides of the chancel. There is room for 1000 people. Mr. F. H. Kimball was the architect of the church, and Mr. E. L. Roberts was architect of the chapel. The building and property have already cost over $100,000. Rev. John Humpstone is pastor.

The remaining building, the Church of the Messiah, corner of Greene and Clermont Avenues, is not to be spoken of as one of the new churches. It is an old church with a new face. Originally built for the Presbyterians, it was a plain square edifice. It was secured by the Episcopalians in 1863. The Rev. Charles Baker, who has been in charge fifteen years, is the sixth rector. Under the present incumbent the church has had great prosperity. During the last two years many alterations have been made in the building. It has been elevated throughout, and the present front is entirely new. The style is Romanesque. The alterations and improvements were made from designs by R. H. Robertson, of New York. It is but rarely indeed that an old building takes on such a beautiful exterior. The tower is 180 feet high. The interior is very comfortable—galleries on both sides, and organ-loft with choir in front. In the rear there is parlor and class-room accommodation. The recent improvements cost over $30,000; but the Church of the Messiah is free from debt.

A RECONSTRUCTION OF HISTORY.

In this age so full of literary sensations none has awakened deeper surprise and concern in the circles of the thoughtful than has the attack upon modern principles that more or less directly connects itself with the theories propounded in Janssen's *History of the German People since the Close of the Middle Ages*. This series of historical works, of which the fifth volume appeared a few months ago, undertakes a reconstruction of the Reformation history in the interests of traditionalism as represented by Roman Catholicism. His central thesis is that the great movement of thought in the sixteenth century out of which have sprung the leading principles controlling modern society in all of its ramifications was in reality not a step forward, but a step backward; was, indeed, the greatest misfortune that ever befell Europe and European civilization. The historical problem with which Janssen deals is accordingly not an ecclesiastical one exclusively, but is such primarily only because it was in church life that the beginnings of the ideals that control modern life first exhibited themselves. In reality it is an appeal to history against these ideals and principles, with the verdict that they were conceived and born in sin, and that they are the source and fountain-head of all the ills that afflict church, state, and society. The *Germania* of Berlin, the leading Catholic organ of Germany, put it recently in this shape: "The Reformation was the most flagrant, the most radical, and most wicked revolution that the world ever saw. It was a revolution in the ecclesiastical, religious, moral, political, social, economic, scientific, and historical world."

Were this impeachment of all that is valued as the special progress of modern over mediæval life merely the outbreak of spasmodic fanaticism, it might be allowed to go without notice, and like any other sensation to have its day. But evidences abound to show that this is not the case. The charges are put forth in the name of fair and honest research; the practical application of the hypothesis to the solution of the churchly, social, and political questions of the day is made with aggressive confidence, and a return to the walks and ways from which modern thought is so wide a departure is proclaimed as the panacea for all the misfortunes of the generation; the new gospel enjoys so wonderful a propaganda that Janssen's history is sold literally by the tens of thousands, and of the last volume the first edition was twelve thousand copies, while through books, pamphlets, almanacs, and especially fiction of all kinds the underlying ideas of this whole movement of thought are being popularized and spread, particularly among the Roman Catholics of central Europe.

It would, further, be a singular and superficial misconception of the whole agitation to regard it as only of local importance, or to consider it merely as a new phase of the doctrinal controversies between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It is a contest of principles, and to all intents and purposes a declaration that the ideals, aims, and methods of thought and work which now control the life of nations, and which are the legitimate outcome of the germs and seeds that first came forth in the ever memorable days of the Reformation, have an ancestry and pedigree of evil, and as such have been able to bring forth only evil.

Naturally the reader will be anxious to know by what peculiar method and with what new materials Janssen operates in the construction of a historical scheme that stands in so radical a contrast to the classical accounts of that period furnished by such leading historians as Ranke and Gregorovius. This is all the more interesting because, as is reported, the author, who is now merely a gymnasium professor in Frankfort-on-the-Main, is to be one of the attractions of the new Catholic University at Washington. Ger-

man specialists have with microscopic exactness dissected the work of Janssen, and the result of their examinations is interesting in the extreme. He is a man of wonderful diligence and shrewdness; he has ransacked the sources of information for the period under consideration with remarkable completeness, and the materials which he employs are all correct and found in these sources. Indeed none of his critics have charged him with having manufactured historical evidences. The citations he makes in almost endless numbers are all taken from good sources. But when he begins to use these for his purposes, his unfair and tricky spirit is allowed full sway. He employs his tools not as a historian, but as a partisan. He takes whatever information happens to suit to his conception of what the history of this period ought to be, and passes over in eloquent silence whatever does not agree with his scheme; he takes great delight in turning out of their connection certain citations, and making them say what they originally were not intended to convey, thus practising eisegesis instead of exegesis; he brings citations together to corroborate each other's statements which internally do not and never had anything to do with each other; he violates the accepted canons of historiography by assigning a decisive voice to discreditable witnesses: in short, his use, or rather abuse, of perfectly legitimate historical sources is such that the result of his labors is a veritable caricature of the actual course of events. Indeed so transparent is the "method in his madness," and his manner of reconstructing history from a subjective stand-point, that a shrewd German critic, after the appearance of the third volume of the work, predicted in detail what the specific charges against Protestantism and the modern world in the fourth would be. Being thoroughly at home in the sources of that period, he knew what data Janssen would use, and how he would use them. When the volume in question appeared, some months later, it turned out that the prophet had predicted aright.

The spirit and method of Janssen's volumes are representative in their character. Germany has always been the land in which Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, not as two dogmatic systems, but as the embodiments of the principles guiding and controlling the lives of individuals and of nations, have contended with each other for mastery upon better terms of equality and on their merits alone, without outward prop or support, than in any other country. Just now, owing to a great extent to the moral victory gained by the Catholics in the *Kulturkampf*, these are aggressive and anxious to enter the contest with Protestantism for the supremacy in the hearts and minds of the people. What the method of warfare is which this Catholicism, now no longer the mild type that prevailed in the early half of this century, but the type produced by the Syllabus, Vaticanism, and Ultramontanism, is best illustrated by the work of Janssen. Just forty years ago the now venerable Munich Old Catholic, Döllinger, undertook to discredit Protestant principles in the name of candid history; but he failed to find applause or supporters even in his own communion. Janssen's attempt, undertaken with less learning and candor, is heralded as the beginning of a new era in historiography. The lesson of this contrast is instructive.

It would, however, be unfair to claim that Janssen's work and the applications made by his friends of his views to the problems of the life of our day have been without profit to scholarship or practical thought. They have succeeded in bringing out into bold relief the weaknesses of the aims and ideals underlying modern life, and in that way have at least negatively prepared the way to understand the real status of modern problems, and thus to find a way to solve them. But in so far as their schemes are positive in character, it is more than doubtful if they have much of virtue in them, and if they can make anything like a permanent impression on the onward course of events that in origin and character are so thoroughly antagonistic to the new wisdom.

THE RACQUET CLUB'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR AMATEUR BILLIARDS.

Mr. Isaac Townsend, the President of the New York Racquet Club, has had made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company a silver cup, for presentation to the winner in an amateur billiard contest between members of the club. The cup was awarded on Monday, the 14th inst., and the prize is to be held by the winner in three successive contests, the intention being that the cup shall be to the amateur billiard club what the *America's* cup is to the yacht clubs of England and this country—a trophy forever awarded, and forever awarding. The design for the cup has been executed by Mr. Charles Osborne, who is without question the most successful, as he is the most interesting, worker in this difficult field that we have among us. He has chosen for the base of his design the lines and masses of the so-called Rococo style, a style that grew to perfection in the time of Louis XV., and is therefore often called by his name. It is a style that of late has regained something of its old ascendency in Europe, particularly in Vienna and Munich, and in spite of criticism it deserves to be cultivated on account of the beauty of its lines; besides that, it is a most fortunate example of adaptation by one people of the decorative motives of another and very different race. The origin of the Rococo is distinctively Japanese; it sprang into existence immediately on the introduction of Japanese objects into Holland, which found their way into France through that country, and soon spread thence all over Europe. It is no doubt the gracefulness of these lines, coupled with a certain unexpectedness in

their resultant curves and stops, that have drawn the mind of so acute an observer as Charles Osborne to the style, as peculiarly appropriate to a trophy to be contended for in a game of billiards, where the beauty and sweep of the lines marked by the balls are what constitute the æsthetic charm of the contest. It is in such a selection that the designer shows his fitness for his vocation; and although Mr. Osborne has made many successful cups, there is a charm about the design for the present one that distinguishes it above all the others. The cup stands thirty inches high with its pedestal of ebonized wood. It is of sterling silver, and in general form is a pitcher with a handle but without a cover. The adjustment of the handle to the body is managed with such felicity that it belongs as naturally to the cup as the stem of a gourd does to the gourd, and all the curves of the angles and of the panels seem to break out into free play in the wilder movements of the handle. The form of the pitcher is four-sided, with two broad and two narrow divisions. On one of the broader sides is an admirably modelled figure of Fortune with delicate wings and a light scarf blown about her, standing balanced on a ball. This is, to our thinking, a very pretty application of an old symbol, and the way in which it is carried out does the designer credit. On the other of the two broader sides a panel is described by certain flowing lines in which an inscription is to be engraved, and room is left for the winners' names as they shall follow in the course of years. Some portions of the work are chased and others mounted, and the execution of the whole does the highest honor to American artists and American artisans.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Among the "favorite sons" who have been presented by Republican State Conventions as fit candidates for the Presidency in the coming canvass is ex-Governor Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, who appears to enjoy exceptional popularity in his own State. He is a good specimen of the energetic and enterprising citizen of the West, of sturdy New England origin, who has made his way through poverty and hardship to success and prosperity. His ancestors for many generations were natives of New England, and his father was born in Connecticut, his mother, whose name was Moulton, being a native of Vermont. In 1835 the family moved into the wilderness of northern Ohio, and settled in Lafayette Township, Medina County, where the elder Alger bought a tract of lumber land and cleared himself a farm. There the future General and Governor was born on the 27th of February, 1836. After several years of hard work the sturdy pioneer from Connecticut lost his farm and improvements by the foreclosure of a mortgage, and soon after sickened and died, leaving his family in pinching poverty. The mother and an elder sister died about the same time, and young Alger was left, at the age of thirteen, without a dollar in the world, and with a younger sister and brother as dependent as himself. He recalls that during the illness of his parents he often worked for the neighbors for a few cupfuls of flour or a sixpence in money per day. Finding places for his brother and sister, he went to work for his board and clothes and three months' schooling per year, and afterward for small monthly wages at a farm hand. He contrived to spend several terms at Richfield Academy, working for his board and washing while at school. Thus alternating hard labor during the farming season with school work in the winter, he was able in the winter of 1856–7 to obtain a position as teacher of a district school, where he "boarded around." Out of his earnings during this period he was able to do something for his brother and sister, and prepare himself to enter a law office in Akron in the spring of 1857. After studying there two years he was admitted to the bar, and went to Cleveland to enter upon his profession; but overwork and confinement in-doors had impaired his health, and on the last day of 1860 he set out for Michigan, and with a little borrowed capital joined with a friend in the lumber business at Grand Rapids. By the failure of a Chicago firm to which their lumber was shipped the two friends lost all they had in the spring of 1861, young Alger having just married a Miss Annette H. Henry.

The breaking out of the civil war opened a new opportunity for the young man whose business prospects were so suddenly blighted, and in August, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and was soon after made Captain of Company C. Another Captain in the same regiment was Philip H. Sheridan, and on the promotion of its Colonel, Gordon Granger, Alger was sent by the latter to Pittsburgh Landing to induce Governor Blair to appoint Sheridan, the acting Commissary on General Halleck's staff, to the vacant Colonelcy. This he successfully accomplished, May 25, 1862, riding sixty miles on his mission, and carrying Sheridan's appointment, written on a half-sheet of note-paper by Governor Blair, to Halleck's head-quarters the next morning. This was the beginning of Sheridan's rapid advance in the army. Alger served under him at the battle of Booneville, Missouri, and was wounded and taken prisoner, escaping the same day. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry October, 1862, and Colonel of the Fifth, February, 1865. He continued in the military service throughout the war, serving successfully under Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Custer, and again Sheridan, in the Army of the Potomac in 1864. He is said to have been in more than sixty battles and minor engagements, always displaying undaunted gallantry. He was seriously wounded at Boonesborough, Maryland, July 8, 1863, after passing safely through the battle of Gettysburg. In the winter following he was recommended to President Lincoln for certain special and confidential service, during which he visited nearly all the armies in the field. In 1864 he was made Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious service at Treville Station, and June 11, 1865, Brevet Major-General, "for gallant and meritorious service during the war."

On retiring from the army, General Alger returned to Michigan, and engaged in the lumber business at Detroit. He was a pioneer in the use of railroads for getting logs out of the forests, and rapidly built up a very extensive business. With increase of wealth and business connections, he gradually acquired an interest in various business enterprises, not only in Michigan, but in several other States and Territories. It is said of him that during his business career of more than twenty years, while having thousands of men in his employ, he has never had a strike or any kind of difficulty with his workmen, and has never sued or been sued in the course of his vast business operations. Though an ardent Republican, he never took an active part in politics until 1884, and the Governorship of Michigan for a single term is the only civil office he has held. In 1882 by a coalition with the greenbackers the Democrats elected a Governor of Michigan for the first time in thirty years. In 1884 Governor Begol was renominated, with the same combination behind him, and General Alger consented to take the Republican nomination in the hope of redeeming the State. He threw himself into the canvass with characteristic energy and skill in management, and was triumphantly elected, receiving the largest Republican vote ever cast in Michigan. His administration was characterized by business methods, strict integrity, and faithful devotion to the interests of the State. He peremptorily declined a renomination, and on retiring from office submitted a parting message to the Legislature which has been praised as the ablest public document ever produced in the State of Michigan.

Governor Alger is described as a man of wide information, vigorous mind, positive and outspoken opinions, but affable and popular with all with whom he comes in contact. He has had five sons and four daughters, of whom three sons and three daughters are living. His home life and family relations are said to be of the pleasantest kind in all respects, and he is foremost in the benevolent enterprises of Detroit and liberal in private charities. He is an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and looked up to with pride and admiration by his fellow-citizens. It is claimed for him that his relations have been friendly with the conspicuous leaders of his party, without regard to their differences with each other, being intimate alike with General Grant, Mr. Blaine, and General Logan, and that his candidacy would excite no antagonisms, while it would command general confidence on account of his high personal character, his brilliant military record, his large business experience, and the statesman-like qualities displayed during his single term as Governor of Michigan. The State Convention presented him with enthusiasm as a candidate for the Presidency, and the twenty-six delegates of his State are pledged to his hearty support in the National Convention at Chicago.

DE R'YAL BLOOD.

Don' yo' say white face to me, gal,
Yo' wid yo' kinky har!
But jes git down in de bery dust,
An' fin' yo' likeness dar.

Jim's dark, I 'lows, 'n' Jack am white,
'N' a shady white at dat,
But I rether yo'd marry dat nigger Jim,
Ef he's brack as yer daddy's hat.

Fo' de blood in him is de r'yal blood,
Come fust from a r'yal king—
Come fust from de hand ob de mighty Lord
What done make ebryting.

Don' yo' eber read yo' Bible, gal?
De story ob Cain am a fact;
An' de Lor' A'mighty turn him white
Becase ob his wicked act.

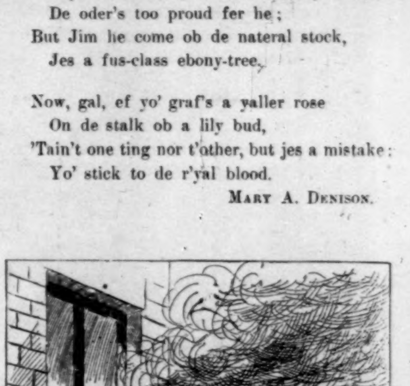
For den de brack wor de r'yal blood,
Rich wid de Maker's bref;
But dey's bleached fer generations down,
Till dey's reached de color ob death.

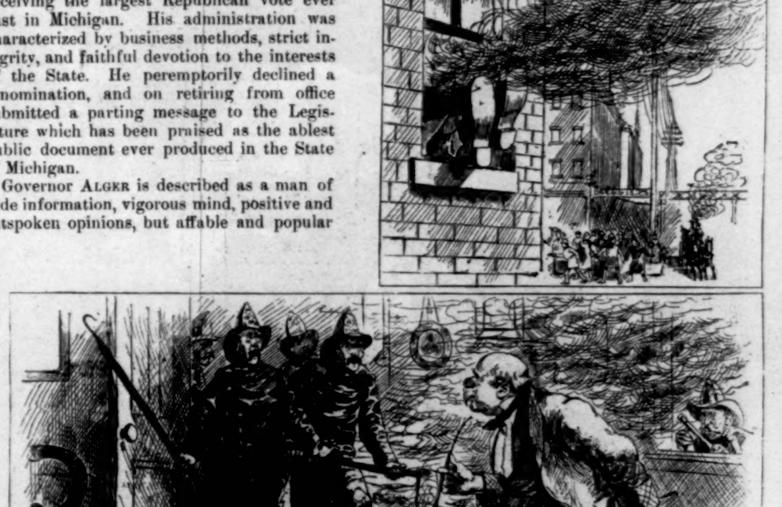
So don' yo' go fer to marry Jack—
He'm mixed, 'n' he ain't no good;
'Tween bof de races he hev to stan',
Like a stick o' m'hog'ny-wood:

Too proud fer one, wid his monkey tricks,
De oder's too proud fer he;
But Jim he come ob de nateral stock,
Jes a fus-class ebony-tree.

Now, gal, ef yo' graf's a yaller rose
On de stalk ob a lily bud,
'Tain't one ting nor t'other, but jes a mistake:
Yo' stick to de r'yal blood.

Mary A. Denison.





AN INTERRUPTED SIESTA.

THE OX TRAIN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Although there are many thousands of miles of railways distributed over the different States and Territories of the far West, it is well known that there still remain vast areas into which the civilizing sound of the steam-engine has not yet penetrated. Far away from the iron highways lie ambitious little "cities," mining camps, Indian agencies, and government military posts, which have all to be supplied in some way with the chief necessaries of civilized life. In the transportation of these supplies from stations more or less remote freighting outfits of the primitive but efficient kind shown in the picture are employed. They are known as "bull trains" or "desert schooners" in the frank vernacular of the Western man, and the navigator of one of these inland craft is pithily described as a "bull-puncher"—a somewhat invidious appellative, for it takes several sterling qualities, such as honesty, steadiness, pluck, muscle, and hardy endurance, to make a capital "bull-puncher." There are two classes of these common carriers. One of these follows a regular route, on a time schedule more or less conformed to, while the other is composed of men who, owning their own oxen and wagons, prefer to cruise about promiscuously for cargoes, like their much-abused prototypes of the sea.

The number of oxen employed in a team depends on the character of the country to be traversed and the nature of the cargo. As a rule, five yokes are found to be sufficient, but sometimes the number runs as high as twelve. The wagons are immense arks, consisting of an oblong rectangular box, eight or nine feet high, over the top of which is arched a dome-like covering of heavy white canvas, which protects the load from dust and stress of weather. Fitted to the rear wheels of the wagon is an enormous brake with a great iron lever, to which is fastened a strap by which it is worked. On heavy down grades the wheels are sometimes clogged, and at times an iron foot is dropped, which drags the soil like an anchor. Generally there are two, but sometimes three or four, wagons coupled together, the extra wains being called "trail wagons." The advantage of this arrangement is that on a heavy up grade the "trails" can be detached, and afterward pulled up separately.

These great trains journey slowly, and stop early in the day to let the cattle graze and water. The men, who form a class by themselves as distinct as the cow-boys, but very unlike them, gather around a blazing camp fire, and make themselves comfortable after their own fashion. To the stranger caught overnight in their vicinity they give of their best, but they are an unsophisticated race, and the uninitiated sojourner who should offer in the morning to requite them for their hospitality would probably be met with the gruff response, "We ain't runnin' no boardin'-house, pard: do you sabby?" Except in the delicate processes of trade, such as buying or selling a horse or an ox, one must not look for anything small in this type of Westerner.

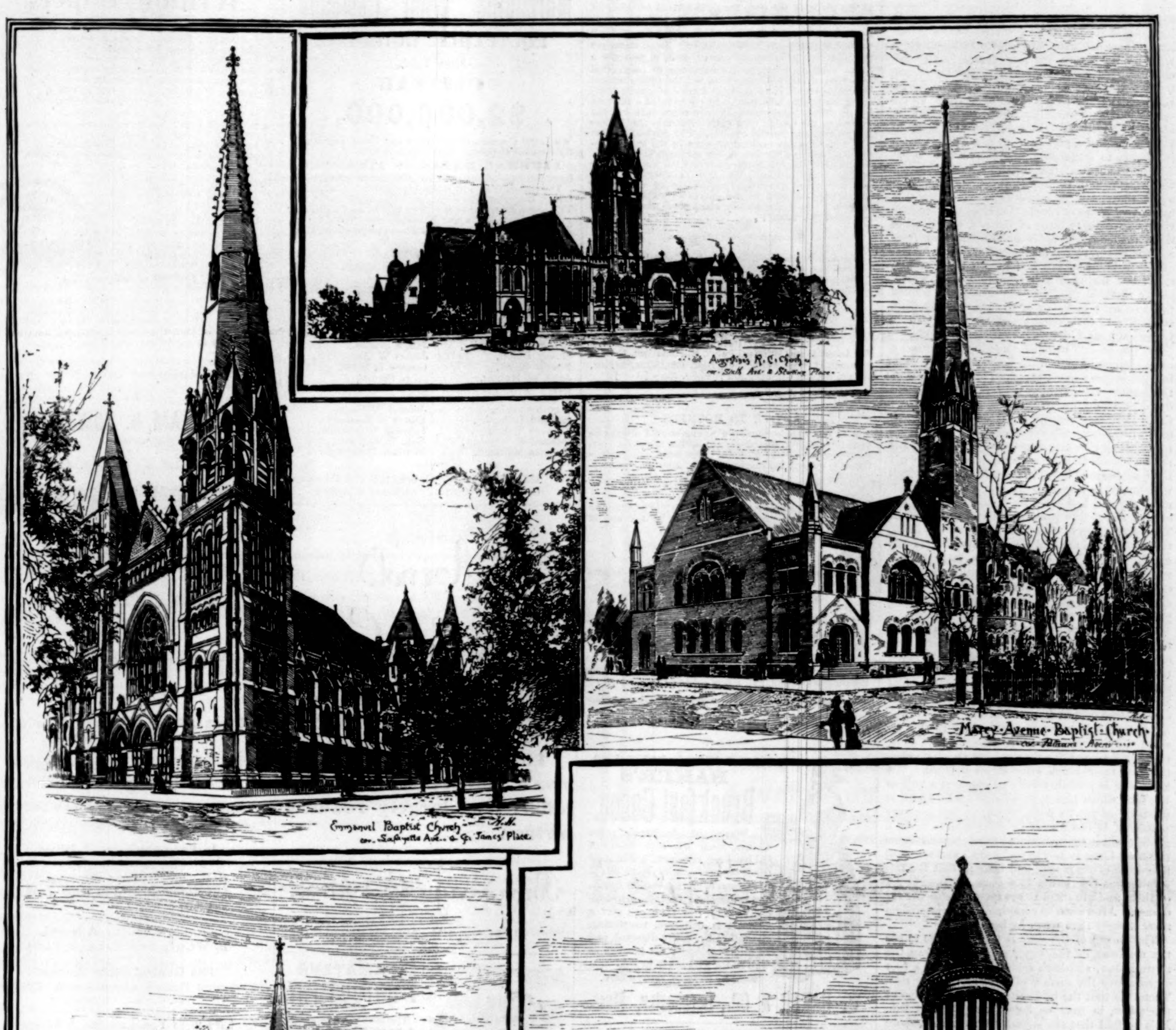
Many of these teams are made up of mules instead of oxen, but as the latter are cheaper to buy, and quite as easily kept, they are given the preference. The driver in charge has generally a cheap helper, who catches the oxen for him, cooks the meals, and attends to brakes on heavy down grades; but the master-driver always guides the team. He wields an enormous whip with wonderful skill, and from time to time addresses his oxen in terms of ear-splitting objurgation which would freeze the marrow of a man reared on the barren platitudes of our Eastern speech.

THE LATE SAMUEL D. WARREN, OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

SAMUEL D. WARREN.

Mr. Samuel D. Warren, the paper manufacturer, who died in Boston a few days ago, furnished in his business and social life one of the best examples that could be given of that much-abused term, a self-made man. At the age of fourteen he was compelled by the death of his father to leave his home at Grafton, Massachusetts, and not only earn his own living, but assist in the support of the family. This was in 1832, when the opportunities offered to boys and young men entering business life were greater perhaps than at the present time. After seven years of service with the firm of Grant & Daniell, paper dealers, of Boston, he was admitted as partner in the firm, and exhibited from the first that comprehension of broad mercantile principles, soundness of judgment, and aggressiveness of action which were characteristic of his whole business career, and which were the secrets of his financial success. In building up the trade of the paper-mills at Pepperill, Massachusetts, and Westbrook, Yarmouth, and Gardiner, in Maine, Mr. Warren invariably sought out and introduced every improvement in manufacture which seemed calculated to lessen the cost or improve the quality of his products. He was in this respect exceptionally progressive, taking risks that few of his associates in business would care to encounter. Thus he was the first American paper-manufacturer who comprehended sufficiently to give practical purpose to the thought the advantage to be gained by importing rags from southern Europe and Egypt—a business which, since he began it, has developed into very large proportions. In his dealings with the mercantile world Mr. Warren won a high and well-deserved reputation, not only for inflexible honesty, but also for a kindly consideration of the welfare of others. Fully aware, apparently, of his ability to succeed in the competitive struggles of trade, he was not in the least jealous of the successes won by others, and was ever ready to extend a generous recognition to those who performed good work both in and out of his office. While the daily demands of business did not give him the time for thorough intellectual cultivation, he was, for a non-professional man, exceptionally well informed on a wide range of subjects—a mental possession which, with his readiness of speech and keen humor, served to make him a remarkably agreeable companion. In the charitable and public-spirited work of Boston he took a prominent part, which makes his death an occasion for sorrow to a very large number of people, as he was a man sought for to act upon the boards of directors of those benevolent institutions where the burden of contribution chiefly falls upon the directors. Mr. Warren was married, at the age of thirty, to Miss Susan Clarke, daughter of Rev. Dorus Clarke, D.D., and had six children, five of whom, four sons and one daughter, are now living. Taking his career as that of a typical American merchant, it was one of which our people have every reason to be proud.

AN OX TRAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCHES OF BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

SOME FLOATING BIRDS OF THE SEA.

All along our rough Atlantic sea-coast, with its miles of rugged rocks and stretches of yellow sands, there are many wild sea-fowl which remain with us the entire year, or change with each changing season, going north to the arctic latitudes for the summer, or retiring to the inland moors during the cold months of winter. In the spring and autumn of the year they are moving about in scattered colonies from the coast of Florida to Maine, preparing to make their annual migration to some other regions, or busy in selecting some good feeding-ground or home for themselves and their young. The great bays along the coast, separated from the ocean only by narrow strips of beach, make the best feeding-grounds for these birds of the sea, and in all of them they congregate in colonies varying from a dozen or two to several thousands. The haunts of the wild-ducks are well known to all sportsmen; but many of the other sea-fowl, which, owing to their peculiar habits, may be termed the floating population of the sea, are but little studied, and they occupy the same old haunts year after year without fear of molestation.

On the broken mast of some ill-fated vessel a huge cormorant stands for hours, patiently waiting for its prey to appear close to the surface of the water. Of a sudden it dives into the liquid deep, pursuing its victim long distances under the water, and returning to the surface again only when completely exhausted, with its feathers so drenched that it is unable to fly. When it has reached some favorite standing-place, on an old buoy or point of rock, it spreads its huge wings wide apart, and remains for hours thus perched, until the sun has dried its feathers, looking for all the world like some sable giant of the air. The manœuvres of these birds when attacked by the sportsman are unique and puzzling to the amateur. The whole flock drops into the sea when the first bird is shot, and unless a boat is quickly rowed out to the place the flock will escape by swimming away beyond the reach of gunshot.

The common gull has of late years been slaughtered in great numbers in the Great South Bay and Chesapeake, owing to the general demand for the dove-like plumage of the birds for millinery purposes. In former years they congregated in these bays in such large numbers that schools of fish that would have otherwise entered the bays were driven out to sea again. In this respect the destruction of the gulls was not to be so sadly deplored, for they are not an edible bird, nor are their harsh cries at all musical. The kittiwake is probably fully as common a gull as the bird which passes under that name, and it is often killed for its flesh, which, though not very palatable, is considered in many places to be a good tonic. One supposed-to-be invalid came down on Long Island to find health and strength a number of years ago, and hearing that the kittiwake was celebrated as a tonic, he bought six of them and ate them to sharpen his appetite for dinner. Afterward he complained that he was no more hungry than when he began.

The spring of the year is the best time to see the sea-fowl in the bays, especially where the shore is low, and each sand-bar protrudes a foot or so above the surface of the water at low tide. Then it is that the birds sit all along the edge of the water, in rows or flocks, and patiently fish. It is a sight that the sojourners at the sea-shore during the summer-time enjoy, to watch the fowl at work. The gulls no longer skim over the water with majestic flight, but they run about on the sand-bars, picking up the fishes that the retreating tide has stranded, or dive from some headland into the shallow water. On a neighboring mussel bank, just made bare by the water, a flock of oyster-catchers are turning over the shells, and silently eating their dinner. A flock of bright-ringed plovers suddenly appear upon the scene, and run along the edge of the sandbars so fast that their dainty little legs can scarcely be seen. On the ocean side of the beach a flock of surf snipe fly back and forth for a time, as if unable to select a feeding-ground. Then, having decided upon a place, they suddenly settle down, and scatter far and wide over the sands, venturing far out toward the incoming waves, and running rapidly up on the beach as the waves roll up. Then, as the waters retreat, they follow them, picking up any small fish that may be caught in the eddying tide.

A small troop of curlews are found here and there along the coast, and they usually take the first alarm when danger approaches. They sound the alarm at once, and instantly the plovers and dunlins will be seen hurrying closer together, ready to rise in a flock. The oyster-catchers cease their labors, and raise their heads in listening attitudes. All is still after the first alarm of the curlews is given, but should it be repeated, snipe, dunlins, plovers, and gulls, will suddenly rise on the wing, uttering plaintive cries, and gradually separating into different parties.

Owing to the watchfulness of these birds the gunners have but a poor show of creeping up and getting many good shots at them, and so, after selecting a good ground, they set out their stools, and hide themselves in the neighboring grass or hills. This is about the only way that the snipe can be enticed within easy gun-range, although occasionally, by imitating their whistle, a flock can be induced to fly over the head. But this requires experience and great carefulness. Spring is the season of the year when the snipe are most numerous, and that is just the time when the laws of New York forbid any one to shoot them. The gunning in the bay during March, April, and May is thus below par, and few indulge in the sport, and yet it would be a regular gunner's paradise if the prohibitory laws of the State were only raised for a season.

George E. Walsh.

THE BOISTEROUS ATLANTIC

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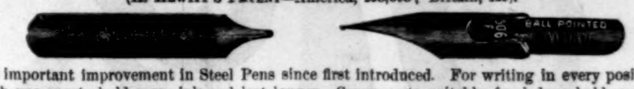

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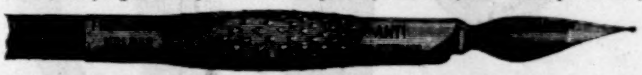

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MAJOR WILLIAM H. MARTIN, OF TEXAS, BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER HIS MAIDEN SPEECH OF MAY 8TH.—DRAWN BY PAUL RÉNOUARD.—[SEE PAGE 388.]

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND ME

IEANS.—DRAWN BY PAUL RÉNOUARD.—[SEE PAGE 388.]